

THE NAPANEE

Vol. XXIX. No. 21.—POLLARD & McLAUGHLIN, Props.

NAPANEE—F

DEROCHE & MADDEN,
Barristers,
Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc.
Office—Grange block.
Money to Loan at "lower than the lowest" rates
H. M. DEROCHE, Q. C. 51y J. A. MADDEN, 51y

MORDEN & WILSON,
Barristers,
Solicitors of the Supreme Court of Ontario, Conveyancers, etc.
A. L. MORDEN, W. G. WILSON,
County Crown Attorney. 51y

R. A. LEONARD, M.D., C.P.S.
Physician, Surgeon, etc.
Late House Surgeon of the Kingston General Hospital.
Office—In the Downey residence, between M. W. Pravn's and the late residence of Dr. Clark, John street, Napanee. 51y

HERRINGTON & WARNER,
Barristers, etc.
MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATES
Office—Warner Block, East-st. Napanee. 5y

A. LALOND,
Who is now on the Market, will occupy the Tichborne House barber shop about 1st May. Everything will be found in first class style. 16y

CHAS. STEVENS,
Customs Broker
and Shipping Agent. Office, opposite Campbell House, three doors west Merchants Bank, Napanee. Parties having shipments to any point in the United States will find it to their interest to write or call on me. Enquiries by mail promptly answered. N.B.—Type-writing executed with neatness and despatch. 17y

THE
Brisco House, Napanee.
HUNT BROS. Props.
Having leased the Hotel and given it a good overhauling we are prepared to accommodate the general public. The sheds and barns are commodious, and a good hostler will be found to attend to your wants. Give us a call. 17d

F. X. BEZO,
MANUFACTURER OF
TENTS, AWNINGS, HAMMOCKS, WATERPROOF HORSE AND WAGON COVERS, BOAT SAILS, ETC.
SOUTH NAPANEE.

MAIR'S
Machine Shop,
Corner Adelaide & Bridge-sts., Napanee.

Steam Engines and all kinds of Boilers made to order. Also all kinds of machinery repaired on the shortest notice. 5y

THE SUN
Life Assurance Co'y.
Head Office, Montreal.
Annual Income, \$25,273.55; Assets over, \$2,000,000.
Assurance in force, \$10,025,400.
J. Little, Peterboro, Inspector of Agencies; W. H. Hill, Peterboro, Manager for Central Ontario.
51y Rev. S. CARP, Local Agt. Napanee.

LECTURE.
CHARLES WATTS,
the Secularist Author, Editor and Debater, will give a lecture in the new Opera House, on
Tuesday Eve., April 29th.
Subject—"The Bible and Christianity from a Secular Standpoint."

Mr. Watts, formerly of London, Eng., now of Toronto, Ont., and editor of "Secular Thought," is the peer of Bradlaugh and Ingersoll as an author and polemic on the platform.
Doors open at 7.30. Lecture commences at 8. Admission free. Ladies invited. 21a

TICHBORNE HOUSE
Tonsorial Parlor.
A. LALOND, Proprietor.

Thoroughly overhauled and repaired. Only first-class hands employed, and satisfaction guaranteed. Patronage solicited. 16y

FARM FOR SALE.
The Moose Farm, in the 1th Concession of Adolphustown, for sale at a bargain. 100 acres, good buildings, land in good state of cultivation. For further particulars apply to
JOHN D. HAM, Esq., Napanee, or to
C. H. WIDDIFELD, Picton, Ont. 51t

VALUABLE
Farm for Sale.
Homestead of the late Sebastian Hogle, being composed of part of Lot No. 21, part in the fourth concession of the Township of Eriecowen, containing 190 acres; in a good state of cultivation, less 5 acres of wood land. On the premises is a good dwelling, woodhouse and drive house, two large barns and 1 shels, in excellent condition; small orchard; four good wells. The farm is well fenced. It is on the York road, 15 miles from Kingston, 9 miles from Napanee, and 3 miles from Odesa; 1 mile from church and schoolhouse. Apply to N. H. PERRY, 361 Bight street, Kingston, or to NORMAN HOGLE, Napanee. 10cm

TOWNSHIP OF RICHMOND.
NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that all petitions for grants on roads in the Township of Richmond must be in the hands of the Council on or before the first Monday in May, 1890, otherwise they will not be entertained by said Council.

ABRAHAM WINTERS,
Township Clerk.
Selby, April 15, 1890. 20b

TO BUILDERS.
Operations have begun at Meagher's Lime Kiln, and I am prepared to furnish the
Best quality of Lime
at lowest possible prices. I have also a superior quality of
BUILDING - AND - COURSEING - STONE.
BRICK - AND - SAND,
and all building requisites in that line.

This kiln has been established for ten years, and I am satisfied that my experience is a guarantee of a first class article. All orders promptly attended to.

THOS. MEACHER,
Napanee, Ont. 20cm

CAMPBELL HOUSE, NAPANEE.
H. G. MILLING, Prop.

This fine and commodious house is being put in thorough repair, and will soon be

NEWS FROM THE COUNTY
WHAT IS GOING ON OUTSIDE THE TOWN.

Interesting Items Picked up by our Busy Correspondents.

[All contributors to our columns inside the county are notified that envelopes containing correspondence must not be sealed, as it necessitates our paying extra postage. Merely turn the fly of the envelope inside and it will travel securely.]

Adolphustown.
Mr. D. W. Allison is preparing to build this season, on his Glebe farm, a barn over a hundred feet long. It will be built chiefly for the storage of hay.

The prayer of the petitioners for a license for Adolphustown has not been granted. This will be glad tidings to many an anxious parent.

Mr. Wm. Taverner, in the 81st year of his age, is lying very low, and fears are entertained of his recovery.

Mr. W. H. Cadman, who has been confined to his house for several weeks, is beginning to get around a little again. It would seem as if the after-consequences of the late epidemic have to be carefully guarded against, more so than even the first attack. Many of its victims in this vicinity, especially among those more advanced in years, are still languid and prostrate.

The Rev. David Wilson rendered very acceptable service on this circuit last Sabbath. In the morning he preached an able sermon in the Conway church, and in the evening gave a fine missionary address in the townhall, Billsville. The congregation was large and the people responded nobly considering other claims upon them. A fine site has been secured from Mr. Lasher on which will be built a Methodist church this summer.

Messrs. Farnsworth and Butler, students from Albert College, held services morning and evening last Sabbath in the Centennial church, Adolphustown. Large congregations attended.

The Rev. Mr. Howard, of Napanee, will preach educational sermons on this circuit as follows: Adolphustown, 10.30; No. 1, 2.30; and Conway at 7. Collections in aid of the educational enterprises of the church.

From another Correspondent.

Miss Flo Pollard is spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Frank Fournia, before leaving for her future home in Toronto. Her many friends are sorry to lose her, but hope she may be as successful in the future as in the past, and be a happy bride.

Parties are all the go.
Mr. J. F. Chalmers has started to repair the Windgor hotel, and it needed it very much.

Mr. Luke Trumppour, one of our councillors, has gone to Rochester, N.Y., and an election will be necessary. Go it, Fred.

Mr. D. W. Allison has bought the Robinson farm.

It is rumoured that D. R. Pollard is to start for California next week.

Fall grain and meadows will rain; but the land is in good trim for working.

It is said we are to have a wedding soon. Our cheese factory opens on the first of May.

Mrs. Lyons is home on a visit at her mother's, Mrs. Capt. Chalmers.

Bell Rock.
Not seeing any correspondence in your paper, I thought I would send you a few lines.

The pike are done running in the creek. There was not much of a run this spring. The cheese factory will soon be running with a prospect of good patronage.

Joy in the house of M. Meeks, another daughter.

N. R. Boyce is erecting an addition to his residence, which will be quite an im-

much travelling these days northward. We all know where the boys are going—for the Hi Ho.

Wilton.
Rev. G. Porteous intends preaching a sermon especially for the young next Sunday evening.

A meeting to organize the Sabbath school for the summer will be held in the Methodist church next Friday evening.

The special services closed last Sunday. The farmers have gone from sugar-making to sowing.

Odesa.
Mrs. Prest has returned from Montreal. James McQueen and wife have removed to Syracuse N.Y.

Simon Babcock, our barber, will leave for Syracuse in a week or so.

W. Hart has rented and will remove from Bath, here.

Benjamin Davy, miller, had his thumb torn to pieces when grinding mill picks. The wound was very painful.

Garrett M. Walroth, aged, 78 died Saturday eve., at his sons John's. The funeral Tuesday, was well attended by friends and proceeded to the White church, Moesgow.

Deseronto.

The Hero on her up trip lost her fireman, Mr. Mayelle, by being drowned at Northport. The body was recovered in about twenty five minutes and taken to Kingston.

The Methodist Sabbath school will give their annual concert next Thursday evening in the Methodist church. Admission 10c.

Mrs. James McCaw and daughter Mabel spent a few days last week in Napanee visiting her mother, Mrs. Lafferty.

Mr. Wm. Bowen has been dangerously ill for the last week, but is now improving.

Dr. Sullivan, of Kingston, paid a visit to Deseronto and Picton on the 19th.

Principal Grant, of Kingston, was in Deseronto on Tuesday.

The bazaar, called the Feast of Days, which the ladies of the Presbyterian church have been working the past winter for, will be held in Union hall some time in May.

Rev. R. J. Craig has been suffering the past week with a severe cold.

The social given by the Ladies' Aid Society of the English church, last Thursday evening was a grand success. Over \$15 was realized.

Mr. R. Mott, of Bath; Mrs. F. D. Mott and Mrs. Hoppins, of Deseronto, spent Thursday in Belleville.

Mrs. Stoddart spent Saturday in Napanee.

Master Fred Knight, son of Mr. A. T. Knight, principal of the High school, has been very ill this week.

Mr. Hiram Parks has moved into the house lately occupied by Mr. Gifford, who has gone to the northwest to reside.

Mrs. Ross has returned from Campbellford, where she has been spending the past few weeks very pleasantly.

Mrs. William P. Bowen spent Monday in Picton, visiting her brother, Mr. William Port.

The horse, carriage and harness lost at the ferry came ashore at the Island last Tuesday.

Mr. P. O'Connor has purchased the brown gelding Deseronto Boy, and warns the boys to look out, as he is very speedy.

The directors of the Deseronto Driving Park have been working at it. They will have a professional driver here in a few days to take charge of the track and handle a lot of young horses. It is a fine track, and some good races will be given.

An Open Letter to the Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Minister of Customs of the Dominion of Canada:

Dear Sir,—I see by the Budget Speech of the Hon. Mr. Foster, that there is to be many changes in the tariff of Canada—I am among other things we poor men are to

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H. BRADSHAW,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
NAPANEE, ONT.
Temporary Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto. Diseases of domesticated animals treated by the latest and most approved system. Office, (opposite Burns) every stable, Dundas st. Orders by telephone will be promptly attended to. Charges moderate. 17

INSURE IN THE
LONDON AND LANCASHIRE
LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
Government deposit over \$600,000
G. A. CATON,
General Agent, Newburgh, Ont.
Active agents wanted. 17

REMOVED.
"Phil" Vanalstine
Was removed his barber shop from the Tichborne house to the place on John street, formerly used as a Custom House, two doors north of Grange's drug store. A room, entirely separate from the barber shop, has been fitted up, where ladies hair dressing and hairdressing will be done every Monday and Friday afternoon.

JAMES AYLSWORTH,
Clerk, 7th Division Court,
(County of Lennox and Addington.)
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
CONVEYANCER,
COMMISSIONER, ETC., IN H.C.J.,
Insurance, Money Lending and General Business Agent.
TAMWORTH, ONT.
Noted for promptness and reliability.—Patrons solicited. 35

N. A. CATON, INSURANCE AGENT.
Representing the following companies:
London and Lancashire Life Assurance Company,
Canadian Mutual Aid Association,
Citizens' Accident Insurance Company,
Quebec Fire Insurance Company.
Office in the Grange Block, John st.
NAPANEE, ONT.
Rates and full-particulars, application. 35

ECONOMICAL
Collecting Agency,
E. A. CONNOLLY, MANAGER.
Accounts or Notes Bought or Collected
TERMS EASY. RETURNS PROMPT.
If you have some bad debts or debts that are troublesome to collect, give them to E. A. Connolly, who is making a specialty of that kind of work. He and you will get a satisfaction out of what is now very unsatisfactory business. He has already collected over \$2,500 of doubtful debts for good firms, to whom a reference can be given.
E. A. CONNOLLY,
February, 1890. 10 Warner block, Napanee

MONEY TO LOAN.
I am prepared to lend money in sums of \$10 and upwards on the security of first mortgage. Farm and Town Property

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This fine and commodious house is being put in thorough repair, and will soon be more comfortable than ever.
The comfort of all guests is the first consideration at this house.

COMMODOUS SAMPLE ROOMS,
lit by gas, on the ground floor, and every convenience for the mercantile traveller. Telephone and telegraph communication.
Good table daily, and the best of Wines, Liquors, Ales and Cigars.
Farmers will find first-class stabling for their accommodation, and at cheap rates. Their patronage solicited. 11-ly

THOS. SYMINGTON,
PRODUCE MERCHANT. DEALER IN
Flour, Feed, Seeds & Provisions
We have much pleasure in informing our numerous customers that Field and Garden Seeds are 10 per cent lower in price than last year. We exercise the greatest care to supply every article true to name and of the very finest quality.
Persons wishing to send orders for foreign seeds can save 10 per cent by entrusting their orders to us.

GARDEN SEED DRILLS.
Printed, M. Thewes and Dees always on hand. Also a full stock of all kinds of Grass and Clover Seeds at lowest possible prices.
DO NOT FORGET.

-WE IMPORT ALL OUR TEAS
and sell at wholesale prices. All fresh, raw and pure—no bankrupt stock. An examination of our stock and comparison of our prices will convince anyone that we can and will do as we advertise.
T. SYMINGTON.
Dundas Street, Napanee, Ont. 35

Phonographs.
Many five cent cigars are really sick scoundrels.
A Georgia editor, in announcing his marriage, says: "We have taken this step for better or for worse; but it is a poor woman that can't support one editor."
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day:
A jaded crowd sneaks gently o'er the lea
The fishers homeward plod their weary way,
Concocting lies to tell to you and me.
Alphonse Karr was present at a banquet of medical men where toasts were drunk of certain celebrities, when the President said:—"M. Karr, we now ask a toast from you." The poet arose and replied modestly, "I propose the health of all those who are sick."

Sticks Very Tight.—"There is one solace left to me at least," remarked the old farmer. "After all my boys leave and go up to the city, after the pigs and cattle die, and everything else forsakes me, there is at least one thing that will stick to the old farm." "And that is—?" "The mortgage!"
Two neighbors living in the country had a long and venomous litigation about a small spring which they both claimed. The judge, wearied out with the case, at

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N. R. Boyce is erecting an addition to his residence, which will be quite an improvement.
Our enterprising blacksmith, H. J. Lawson, has moved to his new quarters on Percy st., which is much better than his former stand.
This village can now boast of a Literary Society. They held one of their pleasing entertainments on the 18th inst., which was a decided success.
The boys held a sugar social in Geo. Grant's bush a few nights ago. Tickets \$1 a piece.
The school is progressing finely under the tuition of Miss Maude Wheeler, of this place.

Camden East.
(Too late for last issue)
The Rev. A. Elliott has left for Carleton Place to begin his duties anew there and a Mr. Woodcock, of Prescott, takes his place here.
The balmy days of spring have come and again the promenades are becoming popular.
We are soon to have a mechanic's institute in our town.
Mr. Alex. Howie is back again and will soon open up the cheese factory.
We notice that the boys are beginning to think a little about base ball, and the ball is kept rolling. We think Newburgh will have to work if they put up a purse for the 24th of May.
We have also to announce the death of Mrs. Patterson, who died on Saturday last and was buried on Monday.

Pictou.
Agricultural implement dealers are now coming money.
Mr. C. Griffith is home for the holidays.
Mr. A. Clark, of Belleville Business College, was in town on Friday and Saturday.
Mr. S. T. Vorce, formerly a liveryman, was in town last week.
The str. Deseronto made her first trip to Pictou on Thursday last.
The Armenia arrived last week with a load of salt.
Mr. J. Malcolm Clapp, C.E., left on Thursday for Helena, Montana, where he will follow his calling.
Farmers began seeding on Monday of this week.
The streets were very dusty last week, but the sprinkler is on this week.
Hullless oat cases are yet the talk of the day, and many unsatisfactory decisions are given.
Mr. Wm. Boulter left on Monday for Chicago.
Mr. J. Soby shipped a carload of seventeen fine horses to Montreal last week.
Mr. Zach. Herrington's grey trotter, "Prince Edward Boy," did on Thursday an enlargement of the heart. He was valued at \$3,000.
On Wednesday night at the hour of 1:30 the alarm of fire was given, and it was soon found that Mr. Dunlop's house opposite the entrance to Driving Park, was in flames. Two school boys and two men from town ran the hose cart to the scene of the fire, and were nearly exhausted with their weak efforts to convey such an appliance such a distance. By the time the water began to play the house was in a

was realized.
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An Open Letter to the Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Minister of Customs of the Dominion of Canada:
Dear Sir,—I see by the Budget Speech of the Hon. Mr. Foster, that there is to be many changes in the tariff of Canada. I am not other things we poor men are to have henceforth cheap syrup or molasses; true it is the standard of quality is to be very much lowered, and for this I suppose we should be thankful. Ninety per cent of the duty on corn is to be taken off when ground for human food, and for that only. On this corn question I, with many others, want information, for it often happens the good wife in making mush or corn bread, (or johnnycake, as it is sometimes called), makes more than is used at a meal, and the balance is given to the pig or cow, as the case may be. Now it seems to me here would be an infringement or evasion of the law, for which there are severe fines and penalties. What we want to know is would our wives or daughters be liable for these penalties? and would our cow or pig be liable to be confiscated for having eaten or used this corn meal without paying duty? Being ever grateful to both your honorable gentlemen for giving us cheap mush and syrup (if the quality is rather low) in these hard times, and hoping that you will answer our queries through the public prints at your earliest convenience, as we do not want to be law-breakers,
I remain, your humble servant,
A Poor Man.

Kaladar Station, April 4th, 1890.

PUBLIC OPINION.
A correspondent of the Empire tries to show that there is not \$130,000,000 of timber belonging to Ontario as Mr. Hardy claims. The Empire should not print these things. They are calculated to damp the ardor of the Tory hoodlums who have their eye on the timber.—Globe.
The points which the Hamilton Spectator is trying to make against the Mowat Government are so blamed small that it is forced to print them in job type in its editorial columns in the hope that it will make them look big. But it will take something bigger than job type to beat the Mowat Government.—Dundas Banner.
There is trouble brewing in the Tory ranks in West Hastings. G. W. Ostrom, the present local member wants to be re-nominated by his party, but there is likely to be a kick. If possible he will be side-tracked for a man more suitable to the views of the local wirepullers. Werp it not that the party hope for something to turn up that would enable them to get Mr. Ostrom out of the way without a rupture, they would have put a candidate in the field long ago. Mr. Ostrom got the nomination last time and will no doubt make an effort to capture it again. He is as good a man as the party can produce, but jealousies are at work.—Daily Ontario.
We regret to say daily evidence of rascality, swindling and stealing is coming to light at Ottawa, which, if not promptly checked, will lead to the overthrow of the present Government and cover them with disgrace, unless they have the courage to show their disapproval of the conduct of those whose cupidity for money leads them to perpetrate the most indecent acts of chicanery, and swindle the public in the most barefaced manner. If ever the time had arrived in Canada when a Cromwell was needed, that time is now.

...the latest and most approved system. Office, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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JAMES AYLSWORTH,
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E. A. CONNOLLY,
February, 1890, 10 Warner block, Napanee.

MONEY TO LOAN.

I am prepared to lend in any sum of \$10 and upwards on the security of first mortgage. Farm and Town Property. No interest. No broker commission paid by borrowers, and also prepared to buy or sell promissory notes of undoubted security.
Insurance policies granted on nearly all classes of property in first-class stock Companies at the lowest price. First-class farm and isolated property insured at 10c per \$100 for 3 years.
Correspondence solicited.
T. G. DAVIS,
Insurance and Money Lending Agent.

C. D. WARIMAN, L. D. S.

Graduated Royal College of Dental Surgeons, On
OFFICE—LEONARD BLOCK,
Dundas St., Napanee.

To the people of the County of Lennox and Addington whom he has served in the past he returns his sincere thanks for their favors, and solicits a continuance of their patronage.
The new local anesthetic, Hydrochlorate of Cocaine, which quite relieved pain in extracting teeth, will be used from the office the first Monday and Tuesday in each month, these being the days of his visits to Tamworth, Rooms at Wheeler's Hotel.
He will also be absent from his office in Napanee Monday and Tuesday of each week.

THE LENNOX AND ADDINGTON
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
is organized exclusively to insure farm property, and to protect the interests of the farmers of the counties of Lennox & Addington, Frontenac and East Hastings.
The Board of Directors—Messrs J. B. Aylsworth, M. M. Vanden B. Lloyd, U. C. Sills, Thomas Empey and A. C. Park.
Honorary Directors—J. W. Allison, A. P. Vanlanen, J. W. Bell, M. P., H. A. Baker, J. Schmalhorn, D. C. Forward and Allen Pringle.
President—John B. Aylsworth, Esq.
Vice-President—U. C. Sills, Esq.
Secretary—S. A. Caton, Esq.
Treasurer—Thomas Empey, Esq.
Auditors—John Jackson, W. R. Gordanier.
Agents—J. N. McKim, J. McNeill, J. W. Metzler.
The Board meets at the Company's office on the first Tuesday of each month at 2 p.m.
Napanea, Jan. 8, 1891.

convenience for the mercantile traveller.
Telephone and telegraph communication.
Good table daily, and the best of Wines, Liquors, Ales and Cigars.
Farmers will find first-class stabling for their accommodation, and at cheap rates. Their patronage solicited.
H. H. V.

THOS. SYMINGTON,
PRODUCE MERCHANT. DEALER IN

Flour, Feed, Seeds & Provisions

We have much pleasure in informing our numerous customers that Field and Garden Seeds are 10 per cent lower in price than last year. We exercise the greatest care to supply every article true to name and of the very finest quality.

Persons wishing to send orders for foreign seeds can save 10 per cent by entrusting their orders to us.

GARDEN SEED DRILLS.

Patent, M. Tithens and Deer always on hand. Also a full stock of all kinds of Grass and Clover Seeds at lowest possible prices.

DO NOT FORGET.

—WE IMPORT ALL OUR TEAS

and sell at wholesale prices. All fresh, new and pure—no bankrupt stock. An examination of our stock and comparison of our prices will convince anyone that we can and will do as we advertise.

T. SYMINGTON.

Dundas Street, Napanee, Ont.

Phonographs.

Many five cent cigars are really sick scenters.

A Georgia editor, in announcing his marriage, says: "We have taken this step for better or for worse; but it is a poor woman that can't support one editor."

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day:
A jaded crowd sneaks gently over the lea
The fishers homeward plod their weary way,
Concocting lies to tell to you and me.

Alphonse Karr was present at a banquet of medical men where toasts were drunk of certain celebrities, when the President said:—"M. Karr, we now ask a toast from you." The poet, rose and replied modestly, "I propose the health of all those who are sick."

Sticks Very Tight.—"There is one solace left to me at least," remarked the old farmer. "After all my boys leave and go up to the city, after the pigs and cattle die, and everything else forsores me, there is at least one thing that will stick to the old farm." "And that is—?" "The mortgage!"

Two neighbors living in the country had a long and venomous litigation about a small spring which they both claimed. The judge, wearied out with the case, at last said: "What is the use of making so much fuss about a little water?" "Your honor will see the use of it," replied one of the lawyers, "when I inform you that both the parties are milkmen." The roar of laughter which followed proved that the audience saw.

It is reported that the Mohammedan Mahdists, impelled by their religious prejudices against the drinking of intoxicants, have resolved to expel the rum-sellers from Africa. While this is to be commended, it is to be hoped that the new crusade against rum so will occupy the Mahdists' time and energies, that they will have to abstain for a season from their brutal slave raids. After they have driven liquor out of Africa, in the name of Mohammed, it will be in order for some power to take up the work of driving out the Mahdists in the name of humanity.—Christian Guardian.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP. For children teething its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures colic and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP, and take no other.

Minard's Liniment sold everywhere.

entertainments on the 18th inst., which was a decided success.

The boys held a sugar social in Geo. Grant's bush a few nights ago. Tickets \$1 a piece.

The school is progressing finely under the tuition of Miss Maude Wheeler, of this place.

Camden East.
(Too late for last issue.)

The Rev. A. Elliott has left for Carleton Place to begin his duties anew there and a Mr. Woodcock, of Prescott, takes his place here.

The balmy days of spring have come and again the promenades are becoming popular.

We are soon to have a mechanic's institute in our town.

Mr. Alex. Howpy is back again and will soon open up the cheese factory.

We notice that the boys are beginning to think a little about base ball, and the ball is kept rolling. We think Newburgh will have to work if they put up a purse for the 24th of May.

We have also to announce the death of Mrs. Patterson, who died on Saturday last and was buried on Monday.

Pictou.

Agricultural implement dealers are now coming in.

Mr. C. Griffith is home for the holidays. Mr. A. Clark, of Belleville Business College, was in town on Friday and Saturday.

Mr. S. T. Vorce, formerly a liveryman, was in town last week.

The str. Deseronto made her first trip to Pictou on Thursday last.

The Armenia arrived last week with a load of salt.

Mr. J. Malcolm Clapp, C.E., left on Thursday for Helena, Montana, where he will follow his calling.

Farmers began seeding on Monday of this week.

The streets were very dusty last week, but the sprinkler is on this week.

Hullless oat cases are yet the talk of the day, and many unsatisfactory decisions are given.

Mr. Wm. Boulter left on Monday for Chicago.

Mr. J. Soby shipped a carload of seventeen fine horses to Montreal last week.

Mr. Zach. Herrington's grey trotter, "Prince Edward Boy," died on Thursday of enlargement of the heart. He was valued at \$3,000.

On Wednesday night at the hour of 1:30 the alarm of fire was given, and it was soon found that Mr. Dunlap's house opposite the entrance to Driving Park, was in flames. Two school boys and two men from town ran the hose cart to the scene of the fire, and were nearly exhausted with their weak efforts to convey such an appliance such a distance. By the time the water began to play the house was in a wreath of flames. The water few moments high, but of no avail. The fire had made too much headway to be extinguished. Nothing was saved, the family barely escaping with their lives and night clothes.

D. S. Austin, of Scholarie, is stopping with B. F. Clark at present.

Gull Creek.

Mr. Editor.—The people are complaining for being cold and dry, but there is appearance for a change shortly. It is evident that a little warm rain would be beneficial. Who is at the helm?

School commences to-day in Section No. 12, under the charge of Miss Sampson.

It is rumored that there is a contagious disease in this locality called the Roman Measles. It is reported that some of our school children is laid up by it. Another Grip.

George Webb is very sick. There is but little hope for his recovery, so the Doc says.

Bell Brothers have been recently exploring through this locality among the rocks and over the ridges for the precious minerals, and report to finding some beautiful specimens. Some of the same have been sent away to be tested. We are anxious to hear what is the news.

It is said that William Cade has left this place and gone to Colorado and that the family are preparing to follow after him shortly.

Archibald Robertson has changed his notion to go back near Flinton to move to William Cade's place and is moving there these days. Nearer home Archie.

Peter Lott has moved to Beaver Lake. They are telling me that the world is on the move. It is no wonder that the people are so fond of being on the move. Yes, yes, we are all on the move. There is

want information, for it often happens the good wife in making mush or corn bread, for johnnycake, as it is sometimes called, makes more than is used at a meal, and the balance is given to the pig or cow, as the case may be. Now it seems to me here would be an infringement or evasion of the law, for which there are severe fines and penalties. What we want to know is would our wives or daughters be liable for these penalties? and would our cow or pig be liable to be confiscated for having eaten or used this corn meal without paying duty? Being ever grateful to both you honorable gentlemen for giving us cheap mush and syrup (if the quality is rather low) in these hard times, and hoping that you will answer our queries through the public prints, at your earliest convenience, as we do not want to be law-breakers, I remain, your humble servant,
A. FORD MAN.

Kaladar Station, April 4th, 1890.

PUBLIC OPINION.

A correspondent of the Empire tries to show that there is not \$135,000,000 of timber belonging to Ontario as Mr. Hardy claims. The Empire should not print these things. They are calculated to damp the ardor of the Tory boodlers who have their eye on the timber.—Globe.

The points which the Hamilton Spectator is trying to make against the Mowat Government are so blamed small that it is forced to print them in job type in its editorial columns in the hope that this will make them look big. But it will take something bigger than job type to beat the Mowat Government.—Dundas Banner.

There is trouble brewing in the Tory ranks in West Hastings. G. W. Ostrom, the present local member wants to be re-nominated by his party, but there is likely to be a kick. If possible he will be side-tracked for a man more suitable to the views of the local wirepullers. Werp it not that the party hope for something to turn up that would enable them to get Mr. Ostrom out of the way without a rupture, they would have put a candidate in the field long ago. Mr. Ostrom got the nomination last time and will no doubt make an effort to capture it again. He is as good a man as the party can produce, but jealousies are at work.—Daily Ontario.

We regret to say daily evidence of rascality, swindling and stealing is coming to light at Ottawa, which, if not promptly checked, will lead to the overthrow of the present Government and cover them with disgrace, unless they have the courage to show their disapproval of the conduct of those whose cupidity for money leads them to perpetrate the most indecent acts of chicanery, and swindle the public in the most barefaced manner. If ever the time had arrived in Canada when a Cromwell was needed, that time is now.

It is the duty of the Conservatives to put a stop to the abominable thievery going on in open daylight, and thereby give their loyal supporters occasion to speak well of them, and not cause them to hang their heads in shame.—Stratford Times.

Some time ago the Chicago Herald sent one of its reporters to England to investigate the condition of the working classes there with a view to comparing their condition with that of their brethren of the United States. We now learn that the "result of the reporter's investigations goes to show that the English workmen are much better off than the workmen engaged in the same occupations in the States. Instead of being underpaid, over-worked and crowded together in filthy tenement houses, their wages are higher, their food, clothing and house rent are cheaper, their houses are better and their hours are shorter than those of the same class in American cities. It is even shown that American meat and vegetables sent from Chicago to England can be purchased there cheaper than in Chicago. A general view of the situation, obtained by a comparison of wages, and prices of articles of consumption, shows that the workman of England is in a far better position than his brother in America in wages, comfort, intelligence and influence. Pretty good for pauper laborers. The fact is the British workman, notwithstanding his great number and limited room, is doing better than the average American workman, and infinitely better than his continental tariff ridden brother. No wonder on the face of this earth is work so plentiful and are times so good as they are in Britain. Free trade has worked wonders in the old country since the days of Sir Robert Peel.—Port Hope Guide.

FREE EXPRESS.

FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1890.

\$1 per year in advance; \$1.50 if not so paid.

DOES NOT RUN SMOOTH.

THE OLD ADAGE ON TRUE LOVE PROVEN.

A Young Man of Odessa Marries a Kingston Girl Under Difficulties—He is Arrested for Abduction—A Lively Time.

Frederick Schultz, a bridegroom, enjoyed a honeymoon of a few brief hours only ere the law seized him and he was carried off amid the tearful protestations of his bride. Frederick is twenty years old and a resident of Odessa. Within the past year he fell in love with Lillie Berry, the fifteen year old daughter of a Princess street resident, who formerly lived on the Bath road.

The parents and friends of Miss Berry were not at all in favor of the match, and fought vigorously against it, but were unsuccessful. Schultz was aware of this and it only served him to greater exertions to win the maiden.

Some time ago Schultz wrote a note to Miss Berry enclosing money and urging that she use it in fleeing to Cape Vincent where a marriage could occur. Miss Berry's sister learned of the letter and induced her sister to return the money and to declare that she would not wed Schultz. Miss Berry's sister mailed the letter.

But Schultz was not to be balked. With friends he came to the city on Saturday and the marriage took place the same night. Miss Berry was evidently aware of the preparations, for during the afternoon she went to a relative's and was quite anxious to please. She intimated that she would proceed home for supper, and left.

Some time afterwards Miss Berry's sister turned up and made enquiries for Lillie. She said the youthful maiden had not reached her home. At once suspicions were aroused and with haste various clergymen were visited and asked not to marry the couple should they desire it. But when Rev. Mr. Timberlake's house was reached it was learned that that clergyman was not home having left for a residence on Ontario street to marry Schultz and Miss Berry. With haste, several of the relatives made for Ontario street, speed being accelerated by hiring a cab. But it was too late. The marriage ceremony had occurred and the minister was bestowing the apostolic benediction when the angry relatives burst upon the scene and vehemently denounced the union.

Miss Berry started for a warrant and had not been gone long when Frederick Schultz, a stout, fine looking fellow, dressed in a black suit of clothes and spruced up for the occasion came out. Fortunately he was not known just then or he might have received rough treatment.

All returned to the residence of Schultz, and again there was a lively time. A rig drove up to the door, but had to drive some distance away. Shortly afterwards the reporter was ushered upstairs. Lillie was found waiting for her husband. She is a pretty brunette, short in stature, a pleasant conversationalist, and appeared to be a cultivated young woman. She said she was sixteen years of age. She and Frederick were engaged for some time, and those who were objecting did so simply through a dislike for the man she loved.

Damon Schultz entered the room at this stage and interrupted the interview. "Well, Lil," said he "if you want to go now you can and they don't touch you. There are two policemen outside and they must protect you. What do you say, go or stay?"

Springing to her feet she exclaimed: "I'll go." Then her cousins began to cry, fearing that she would be shot by some of the "wolves" outside.

Miss Berry turned up a little later after securing a warrant for Schultz's arrest. He was charged with securing a marriage license under false pretences. He had sworn that the girl, a minor, was permiss-

1885—86 he was in the Bank of Commerce, that city and made himself prominent as a devoted admirer of a fair resident of Hotel street. She had a team of fine black ponies and the couple could be seen any afternoon enjoying pleasant drives along the shady avenues of the city or along the quiet country roads. This fair maid had another lover before Walker came, who was fond and true, but he was only a student then and stood no show with the bank clerk on \$300 per year. She pounded a gold watch, a gift from her old lover, into an unrecognizable mass and sent it back to him together with other little articles and to all appearance was supremely happy in Percy's attentions. The rumor reached the city that Walker had married a servant in his father's family but this was stoutly denied. He was devoted to his one affection while in the city, but in course of time was transferred to another bank. That ended the affair. He shifted from place to place and now, it is understood, is in New York City. He was informed of the application for divorce, but took no interest in it.—Daily Ontario.

EASTERN METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Dr. Burwash, of Cobourg, will occupy the pulpit of this church Sunday, preaching educational sermons.

Reports from the south indicate a serious outlook as regards the broken levees. Seven hundred square miles of country is inundated.

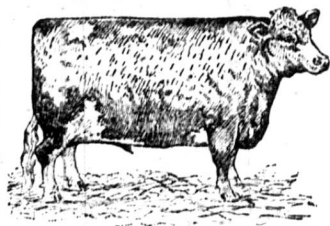
See the new 40c Kid Gloves at
LAHEY & McKENTY'S.

THE LIVE STOCK.

THE GREAT AND GROWING ANIMAL INDUSTRY.

"Only the Breath Wasted"—Shall We Raise Geese?—Farm Horses and Cattle—Dishorning Cattle—The Western Beef Industry. Incubator Chickens—Prize Steer Dot.

Here is a picture of the steer Dot, that took the prize at the last fat stock show in Chicago. Dot belonged to the Aberdeen Angus breed.



FAT PRIZE STEER DOT.

This animal was slaughtered when he was 2 years, 1 month and 3 days old, and weighed 1,496 pounds. After being dressed the carcass weighed 1,040 pounds. Dot's short life was devoted to the laying on of fat, and he took it on at a rate of a pound and three-quarters for every day of his existence.

Shall We Raise Geese?

To tell the naked truth, I could not say that my wife's little flock of geese ever did me or my grass any visible harm; at any rate not enough to complain about. They never required any attention, seldom anybody would steal them, and we were never troubled about feeding them. They seemed to be a self supporting bird. They furnish us a fat gosling once in a while and new nice feathers all along to trim our pillows and make new ones

Obituary.

John T. Anderson, son of the late George Anderson, of Bath, and whose mother resides on Centre street, died at his home in Florida on April 7th. Deceased left Napanee about four years ago, hoping that his health would be benefited by residence in a warmer climate. His hopes, however, were not realized. Immediately on his arrival he purchased an orange grove, which he continued to operate until December last, when he was stricken with heart disease, which resulted fatally. He leaves a wife and one small son, who will come to Napanee as soon as the estate can be closed up. Deceased was thirty seven years of age, and was married at Bath. His end was perfect peace. He had many friends in this section who will learn of his death with deep regret.

Premier Mercier says the Montreal district will be given another representative in the Cabinet, and Mr. Robidoux is said to be the man.

Parnell's proposed alternative to Balfour's Land Bill is coldly received by papers of nearly all shades of opinion, including the Freeman's Journal.

Burglars operated on the residence of Mr. L. Grant at Georgetown on Tuesday evening. They got two pairs of trousers and an overcoat. One pair of trousers belonged to a Mr. Ross and \$100 was in the pockets.

OUR FARM ANIMALS.

MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN OF AN ENGLISH SHIRE HORSE.

A Tennessee Farmer's Opinion of Sheep Killing Dogs—What to Do with Them. Early Maturity of Cattle—The Collis. Electric Wire Fence.

The illustration shows an imported English Shire stallion. Nature has designed his huge back and mighty legs for the heaviest draught purposes.

America leads the world in trotting stock, but our farm and draught stock is, though hardy, inferior in size and strength. It is, however, improving so rapidly through the strains of imported blood that a great change is already manifest. The breeding of improved horses is now one of the most profitable



ENGLISH SHIRE HORSE.

industries in which the farmer can engage. Trotting stock brings the fancy prices, but the breeding of farm and draught horses has no risk and brings sure returns, and large ones.

For the heaviest hauling the great Shire horse shown in the picture is adapted. For farm and all purpose animals the beautiful, docile Clydes of Scotland and the French Percherons are best suited.

POLITICAL AND GENERAL.

Does General Laurie really believe that he is honestly entitled to charge travelling expenses from London to Ottawa when he comes here to attend the sessions? If so his notions upon other subjects must be discounted.

PITON, April 18.—The residence of James Dunlap, on Fairfield street, was burned last night. Very little of the contents were saved. Insured in the Phoenix, \$900 on building and \$600 on contents. The origin of the fire is unknown.

BOWMANVILLE, April 15.—A lad 8 years of age, son of Wm. Shaw, an employee of the Harbor Company, was accidentally shot yesterday afternoon by young Laughlin, an older lad. The discharge took effect in the side near the shoulder. The boy is still living.

An unsophisticated Tory journal says England will take from us all the eggs we can send her free of duty. Will she? There is room for improvement in our egg trade in that direction, for last year Great Britain took from Canada just \$18 worth, while the United States took \$2,136,725 worth.

A lady teacher in Lansdowne whipped the son of the postmaster, who complained to the trustees. She said that if she had over-stepped her duty she regretted it. She was not satisfied, however. He was arraigned before the magistrate, and the result was the case was dismissed and the postmaster had to pay considerable costs. School teachers don't generally whip pupils for nothing.

The new styles of ballot boxes to be used in pending bye-elections for the House of Commons are three in number, and all do away with the system of paper ballots. Marbles or little wooden or iron plugs will be used instead. This may be an improvement, and the coming tests will furnish a satisfactory experiment. It is rather curious that after trying many elaborate ways of balloting revision should be made to the system in vogue at Athens thousands of years ago.

John Dunlop has returned to Kingston from Japan, where he was a missionary. He says that W. Arthur Beale, a graduate of Queens, now occupies the highest position in the empire as a teacher of English, having succeeded Professor Dixon to the chair of English literature in the Imperial University. He has been appointed for one year and already has given great satisfaction. The salary is large. Mr. Beale left Kingston only three years ago. Mr. Dunlop says Canadians stand very high in reputation in Japan, and are eagerly sought after as teachers. Many young ladies from Canada are succeeding admirably. He will return to Japan in June, having accepted an appointment under the Methodist mission board.

Cobourg, April 18.—At 2 o'clock this morning a big blaze broke out in the south west corner of the stabling in Bevans' hotel, George street. The flames spread with lightning rapidity, extending north and west. The surrounding buildings were old wooden structures and burned like tinder. Twenty minutes after the discovery of the fire about an acre of yards in the rear of the King street blocks was a sea of flame. For four hours, through five nozzles the firemen and the waterworks poured heavy streams upon the hot fire before it was subdued. Bevans' hotel, which for over 50 years has been a farmer's inn, was totally destroyed. The British hotel and brick blocks were saved, although the hotel kitchen and barn were badly damaged.

COLUMBUS, O., April 9.—A special to The Dispatch from Crestline, O., says: Miss Campbell, the only daughter of Stewart H. Campbell of the Continental Hotel, left

ma-riage ceremony had occurred and the minister was bestowing the apostolic benediction when the angry relatives burst upon the scene and vehemently denounced the union.

Miss Berry started for a warrant and hadn't been gone long when Frederick Schultz, a stout, fine looking fellow, dressed in a black suit of clothes and spruced up for the occasion came out. Fortunately he was not known just then or he might have received rough treatment.

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Mrs. Berry turned up a little later after securing a warrant for Schultz's arrest. He was charged with securing a marriage license under false pretences. He had sworn that the girl, a minor, was permitted to wed, her parents having granted their consent. The document was placed in Officer Aiken's hands, and with a brother of the bride they hastened to Odessa. They were fortunate in their movements for it was learned that Schultz had taken his wife to his father's. As Schultz was getting away his horse was taken into custody and soon after started for Kingston, the bride in tears, being left at her father-in-law's.

When the roll was called at the police court Tuesday morning the bride and groom answered their names. On the way from the cells to the court room the bride clung affectionately to the arm of her husband. The friends of the contracting parties were present with their counsel. Mr. Snook appeared for Mrs. Berry and Mr. McIntyre for the groom. While the newly wedded couple stood waiting for the case to proceed the lawyers and magistrate held a private conference which was highly interesting. After looking into the particulars of the case they came to the conclusion that to let the young couple go their way in peace would be the most fitting end to the whole affair.

The pair were given permission to leave and they lost no time in moving. The sister of the bride was very much affected by this proceeding, and when the couple passed her she reached out her hand to Lillie and said "Good-bye, good bye, forever."

EDITOR OF THE NARROW EXPOSER.

Sir,—Perhaps you would like to know a little about the race now taking place in Addington. If so, I will endeavor to give you and your readers a short account of it.

The starting place, Arden, date, April 13th; order of starting—J. S. Miller on the right or sure-to-win-side, attended by the old war horse from Barrie, the reeve maker from Kennebec, the reeve from Olden that never was beaten, and a few more of the same sort.

On the left side stood Mr. James Reid, the Tory, attended by the old, useless, clumsy cart horse, Dick, from Tamworth, that never could go; then comes Jim Williams, somewhat stale, but not in bad fettle; then the reeve of Kennebec. Oh my! what a nag! ringboned, spavined, lame and nearly blind, and for whipper-in, the Beaver m. n. He might be useful if you could only keep him on the track. He is now a little damaged by his fall from the Grit ranks into that of the Tories.

Then in the centre, for a little diversion, we have Bob Flynn the little saucy Grit from Mountain Grove. He is not at all dangerous this time; he only pranced around a bit to show what he could do another time, then stepped down and out.

Now for the start in good earnest—John S. Miller proclaims himself the independent candidate for Addington with measures, not men for his motto, that was received with such cheering that it nearly scared the party of the left off the track. They looked and felt bad over it. Will Miller and his party feel all over like winning in a canter.

THOM. TAPPIN.

deen Angus breed.



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This animal was slaughtered when he was 2 years, 1 month and 3 days old, and weighed 1,496 pounds. After being dressed the carcass weighed 1,010 pounds. Dot's short life was devoted to the laying on of fat, and he took it on at a rate of a pound and three-quarters for every day of his existence.

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Last fall I came up with one lady who supported a flock of about one hundred geese and about fifty ducks. She had no farm, but lived on the side of a big mill pond and her husband was a miller. The waste of the mill aided in the support of the geese and ducks. They in turn aided considerably in clothing and educating the children. These are little things, but you must remember it takes little things and many of them to run a country. Some farmers' families derive all of their pin money from their feathers and poultry and eggs, and are as happy as larks in the enjoyment of such things as they need. Feed fewer dogs and use a little more economy.—M. in Tennessee Farmer.

The Western Beef Industry.

[Extract from paper read by Hon. Elijah Tilley before the Nebraska Improved Stock Breeders' association.]

Another cheering indication is the interest farmers are taking in the introduction of good beef blood into their herds. The difference in price between high and low grade steers is becoming more marked every year, and if we have to compete with the states farther east we must bring our cattle up to the standard to which they have theirs. The market for prime cattle is always good, and we must remember in breeding and feeding that the cattle of the plains come into competition with our medium cattle and tend to lower the price, while they would not affect the price of prime cattle, and there would be less cause to cry out regarding said price.

Taking it altogether, I consider the outlook very flattering for the future. The day of the large ranch and the scrub steer is past, and with the cessation of their competition and more careful breeding, buying and feeding on our part, we may look forward to more prosperous times in the future to repay us for the present and past depressions and discouragements. God speed the day.

Incubator Chickens.

Without entering into any dispute with incubator men I wish to say that to secure the best results you cannot use a male that is hatched by any other means than by its mother hen. The warmth producing incubation, being imparted by flesh and blood to the egg in the open, is a far different process from the heating of confined air and confining the eggs

for the heaviest draught purposes.

America leads the world in trotting stock, but our farm and draught stock is, though hardy, inferior in size and strength. It is, however, improving so rapidly through the strains of imported blood that a great change is already manifest. The breeding of improved horses is now one of the most profitable



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For the heaviest hauling the great Shire horse shown in the picture is adapted. For farm and all purpose animals the beautiful, docile Clydes of Scotland and the French Percherons are best suited. From present signs the indications are that the future horse breeding grounds of North America will be in the Rocky mountain and Pacific coast region.

Early Maturity of Cattle.

We have been watching the cattle feeding business for several years and have fully come to the conclusion that early maturity is the correct scheme. In this day and age time is money, and we cannot afford to lose sight of this fact. If a steer can be brought up to his best market value at two years of age, then that is the time to market him. Mr. Cary Oliver and a few others about Colorado have made a success in cattle growing for beef purposes even in these difficult times when beef has been low, and they have done it by judicious feeding and judicious breeding. They have proceeded on the early maturity plan—have fattened and sent to market their steers at two years of age—and have got as much money for them as others have for theirs at three and four years.

Says a writer in The Western Agriculturist: "The small amount of feed saved while the stock is making a small growth is more than made up by the time required to mature. Animals can be made ready for market at a less cost if a steady gain is secured from birth to maturity."

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Time is too precious and life is too short for every man in any business to undertake to discover everything for him-

John Dunlop has returned to Kingston from Japan, where he was a missionary. He says that W. Arthur Beale, a graduate of Queens, now occupies the highest position in the empire as a teacher of English, having succeeded Professor Dixon to the chair of English literature in the Imperial University. He has been appointed for one year and already has given great satisfaction. The salary is large. Mr. Beale left Kingston only three years ago. Mr. Dunlop says Canadians stand very high in reputation in Japan, and are eagerly sought after as teachers. Many young ladies from Canada are succeeding admirably. He will return to Japan in June, having accepted an appointment under the Methodist mission board.

COMBROS, April 18.—At 2 o'clock this morning a big blaze broke out in the south west corner of the stabling in Bevans' hotel, George street. The flames spread with lightning rapidity, extending north south and west. The surrounding buildings were old wooden structures and burned like tinder. Twenty minutes after the discovery of the fire about an acre of yards in the rear of the King street blocks was a sea of flame. For four hours, through five nozzles the firemen and the waterworks poured heavy streams upon the hot fire before it was subdued. Bevans' hotel, which for over 50 years has been a farmer's inn, was totally destroyed. The British hotel and brick blocks were saved, although the hotel kitchen and barn were badly damaged.

COLUMBUS, O., April 9.—A special to The Dispatch from Crestline, O., says: Miss Campbell, the only daughter of Stewart H. Campbell of the Continental Hotel, left home last week and was supposed to have gone to Berne to visit friends. The next day after her departure one of the hotel waiters, a colored man, was also missing, and it is now known that they both went to Cleveland and were married. Miss Campbell was one of the leaders of Crestline's best society, and being an only daughter and possessing an excellent disposition, was a particular favorite. Her parents age well nigh crazed with grief over the sad and sensational affair. The negro has only been in the employ of the hotel people eight or nine months. It is said that Mr. Campbell has received a letter from his daughter stating that they were married and would reside in Cleveland.

NEW YORK, April 10. A Montreal dispatch says: Isaac Amabel Quintal, the Doyen of the notarial profession of the province of Quebec, church warden of Notre Dame, an ex-president of the St. Jean Baptiste society, and Seigneur of St. Bruno, a title which has descended to him from Louis of France, has set the whole French population agog by his flight to New York, accompanied, it is asserted by a pretty young brunette, the wife of a commercial traveller named Beaulieu, and victimizing banks and creditors to the extent of nearly a quarter of a million. Quintal, who is 65 years old, leaves a wife and three daughters behind, who are totally unprotected for, as before leaving he is said to have realized on every available security. The heaviest creditors are the Jacques Cartier Bank, \$38,000; La Banque du Peuple, \$26,000; La Banque Ville Marie, \$9,000; La Banque National, \$16,000, and Henri Dalbec, private banker, \$12,000. To what extent the poor French people on the south side of the river are defrauded time alone can tell. Quintal enjoyed their entire confidence. He invested their savings and "shaved" their paper and loaned them money generally.

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tion, the bride in tears, being left at her father-in-law's.

When the roll was called at the police court Tuesday morning the bride and groom answered their names. On the way from the cells to the court room the bride clung affectionately to the arm of her husband. The friends of the contracting parties were present with their counsel. Mr. Snook appeared for Mrs. Barry and Mr. McIntyre for the groom. While the newly wedded couple stood waiting for the case to proceed the lawyers and magistrate held a private conference which was highly interesting. After looking into the particulars of the case they came to the conclusion that to let the young couple go their way in peace would be the most fitting end to the whole affair.

The pair were given permission to leave and they lost no time in moving. The sister of the bride was very much affected by this proceeding, and when the couple passed her she reached out her hand to Lillie and said "Good-bye, good-bye, forever."

EDITOR OF THE NANTUCKET EXPRESS.

Sir,—Perhaps you would like to know a little about the race now taking place in Addington. If so, I will endeavor to give you and your readers a short account of it.

The starting place, Ardent, date, April 13th; order of starting—J. S. Miller on the right or sure-to-win-side, attended by the old war horse from Barrie, the reeve maker from Kennebec, the reeve from Olden that never was beaten, and a few more of the same sort.

On the left side stood Mr. James Reid, the Tory, attended by the old, useless, clumsy cart horse, Dick, from Tamworth, that never could go; then comes Jim Williams, somewhat stale, but not in bad fettle; then the reeve of Kennebec. Oh my! what a nag! ringboned, spavined, lame and nearly blind, and for whipper-in, the Beaver m. n. He might be useful if you could only keep him on the track. He is now a little damaged by his fall from the Grit ranks into that of the Tories.

Then in the centre, for a little diversion, we have Bob Flynn the little saucy Grit from Mountain Grove. He is not at all dangerous this time; he only pranced around a bit to show what he could do another time, then stepped down and out.

Now for the start in good earnest—John S. Miller proclaims himself the independent candidate for Addington with measures, not men for his motto, that was received with such cheering that it nearly scared the party of the left off the track. They looked and felt bad over it. Will Miller and his party feel all over like winning in a canter.

THOS. TAYLOR.

A Divorce Refused.

Young people who think that it would be very funny to have a mock marriage, just for fun when things are dull, should ponder over and weigh the consequences before taking such a step. Ever since the separate met there has been a divorce case under consideration which has greatly perplexed the wise old gentlemen who compose that honourable body. Early in the eighteenth century were private theatricals at Hamilton, so one version of the story states, and it was suggested that a mock marriage be put on between acts to liven things up. Percy Walker and a young lady were put forward to fill the gap. To make it as realistic as possible an ordained minister was secured to perform the ceremony. It was not until after the affair was over that the young lady was informed, and convinced beyond doubt, that she was a wife, but a wife in name only. Another authority states that the bride was under age, the marriage was a secret one and the parties never lived together as man and wife.

Let the facts of the marriage be as they may, Walker left Hamilton soon after the ceremony and he never returned to his bride. She met another, fell in love and wished to marry. Under the existing circumstances it would be bigamy and parliament was applied to for a divorce. The bill was presented to the commons for confirmation but the strong argument which seemed to weigh with the house was advanced by Sir John Macdonald that in this case there were no proofs of adultery and that it was inadvisable to admit the principle of granting divorces of any other ground than that. The six months hoist moved by Hon. John Thompson was carried by 70 to 35, thus defeating the application two to one.

The husband in this remarkable case is well known in Belleville. About the year

supported a flock of about one hundred geese and about fifty ducks. She had no farm, but lived on the side of a big mill pond and her husband was a miller. The waste of the mill aided in the support of the geese and ducks. They in turn aided considerably in clothing and educating the children. These are little things, but you must remember, it takes little things and many of them to run a country. Some farmers families derive all of their pin money from their feathers and poultry and eggs, and are as happy as larks in the enjoyment of such things as they need. Feed fewer dogs and use a little more economy.—M. in Tennessee Farmer.

The Western Beef Industry.

[Extract from paper read by Hon. Elijah Tilley before the Nebraska Improved Stock Breeders' association.]

Another cheering indication is the interest farmers are taking in the introduction of good beef blood into their herds. The difference in price between high and low grade steers is becoming more marked every year and if we have to compete with the states farther east we must bring our cattle up to the standard to which they have theirs. The market for prime cattle is always good, and we must remember in breeding and feeding that the cattle of the plains come into competition with our medium cattle and tend to lower the price, while they would not affect the price of prime cattle, and there would be less cause to cry out regarding said price.

Taking it altogether, I consider the outlook very flattering for the future. The day of the large ranch and the scrub steer is past, and with the cessation of their competition and more careful breeding, buying and feeding on our part, we may look forward to more prosperous times in the future to repay us for the present and past depressions and discouragements. God speed the day.

Incubator Chickens.

Without entering into any dispute with incubator men I wish to say that to secure the best results you cannot use a male that is hatched by any other means than by its mother hen. The warmth producing incubation, being imparted by flesh and blood to the egg in the open, is a far different process from the heating of confined air and confining the eggs therein, giving the embryo two puffs of breath per day of open air when the eggs are being turned. I leave all theory aside. I say for myself, I want no male to sire my chickens that owes its life solely to an incubator. I believe an incubator hatched chick cannot as a rule be grown as large. I believe an incubator hatched hen will not lay as large an egg as she was hatched from, the same coming from a naturally born hen. But in the early season, that you may have fowls for early exhibitions and winter produce of eggs for kitchen use, you may and are compelled to use incubators, for at that time there are few sitting hens.—I. K. Felch.

Farm Horses and Cols.

Keep the work harness of farm horses in good repair and complete. Horses work better in whole, well fitting harness than in broken, patched up ones, and there is greater satisfaction in handling them. See that the collars fit properly, and always keep them clean, without which care sore shoulders are sure to result. Galled shoulders are often the result of and indication of carelessness in this respect than of anything else.

When training colts train them to fast walking. A work horse that walks always at a fast gait and does it naturally and easily, as he will do if properly trained, is worth twice as much as one with a slow, lumbering gait. On these prairie farms where there are no natural obstacles to encounter, it is a waste of time to drive slow walking teams.—M. in Iowa Farmer.

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Time is too precious and life is too short for every man in any business to undertake to discover everything for himself. As in other professions or callings, farmers must learn to appropriate truths and principles already acquired and start where others have left off, or there will be but little advancement. When we learn to do this, and not till then, time and opportunity will be afforded the farmer to make new discoveries and achieve easier and greater success for our own benefit and for the benefit of those to come after us.

Brood Mares.

Brood mares must have special care from now until foaling time. It has been a very hard year for that class of stock. Many cases of premature births have lately occurred. No locality seems to be exempt from this dreaded scourge. Kentucky breeders are suffering the greatest losses just at present, however. The loss from this source in that state will reach high among the thousands. Mr. W. C. France, proprietor of Highland Farm, is among the unfortunate ones. His valuable mare Rose Chief lately dropped a dead foal by Red Wilkes, making it full brother to Prince Wilkes (2344). Good judges estimate that one-third of all of the brood mares in the vicinity of Lexington, Ky., will lose their foals. Horsemen are at a loss to account for this state of affairs. Some think it is owing to the grass being more succulent than usual. Others attribute it to the condition of the atmosphere. Thoroughbreds which are stabled and fed upon hay do not escape. Some are changing their stock from one pasture to another, and are using Humphreys' specifics with excellent results.—The Horse Breeder.

was a particular favorite. Her parents are well nigh crazed with grief over the sad and sensational affair. The negro has only been in the employ of the hotel people eight or nine months. It is said that Mr. Campbell has received a letter from his daughter stating that they were married and would reside in Cleveland.

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All Tapestry and Wool Carpets at cost at LAHEY & MCKENTY'S.

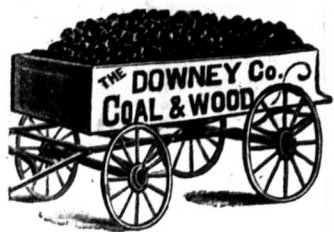
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THE MARKETS

Flour, pastry per 100 lbs.	2 80
Flour, family per 100 lbs.	2 50
Fall wheat	80
Spring wheat	80
Bran per ton	16 00
Shorts per ton	20 00
Barley	38 00
Pears	39 32
Onions	40 00
Rye	40 00
Buckwheat	25 00
Beef, hind quarter	54 00
Beef, fore quarter	58 00
Mutton per lb.	7 00
Lamb per lb.	8 00
Hogs per cwt	5 50
Butter per lb (roll)	17 18
Eggs per doz	7 00
Maple Syrup, (per gal)	75 00
Maple Sugar (per lb)	12 14
Potatoes per bag	50 00
Turnips per bag	50 00
Apples per bag	40 75
Ducks per pair	50 70
Chickens per pair	50 75
Hay, per ton	4 00
Straw per load	2 00
Reef hides per cwt	2 00
Sheepskins	30 00
Wool	60 75
Cordwood	18 20
Fox skins	50 1 20

Minard's Embroid sold everywhere.

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W. D. MADDEN
AGENT, NAPANEE.

The Napanee Express.

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1890.

The Equal Rights party at Ottawa have put a candidate in the field in the person of Mr. Hay. Mr. Mackintosh is the Conservative candidate. Mr. Christie, who said a few days ago that he was in the field to stay, has declined to run.

Mr. F. H. Chrysler, Q.C., is the Liberal nominee for the House of Commons in the pending election at Ottawa, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. W. D. Perry. Mr. Chrysler is said to be a young man of first rate ability and a clever platform speaker. We learn that his chance of election is good.

ticularly at the hands of the Conservative press. Mr. Meredith's "facts for the Irish Electors" not having led to victory in the last campaign, his present appeal to Protestants becomes easily understood. There was a large meeting at Ottawa the other day and some notable Equal Rights had their say. Among others Mr. Charlton spoke, and of course the Separate School question occupied a great part of his speech, a condensed report of which is here given:

Dealing with the separate schools he noted that separate schools were established in Ontario by the constitution, but the Dominion Government, in establishing separate schools in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, overstepped the bounds, and when the North-West Bill came down, if Mr. McCarthy did not move, he would move to strike out the clause authorizing separate schools in the Territories. (Cheers.) Alluding to Messrs. Crothers and White's praise of Mr. Meredith he regretted the remarks for though he had great respect for Mr. Meredith, he could not condemn Mr. Mowat. He asked them to bear in mind that on the one hand there was Mr. Mowat administering the law, and on the other Mr. Meredith making an assault on the party in power. They should remember that when the law establishing separate schools was enacted in 1863 fifty-four Conservatives out of seventy voted in its favor, among them Sir John Macdonald and the Hon. John Carling, and that fourteen Reformers out of thirty had voted against it, and that Mr. Mowat and Mr. Alexander Mackenzie were among those who voted against the establishing of separate schools. (Hear.) Mr. Mowat then was clearly not responsible for the existence of the law, but as the administrator of the law he must administer it. The legislation of Ontario with respect to separate schools had been progressive; whatever they did was in the right direction, and as to the ballot if those who supported separate schools did not want it it was not necessary to thrust it upon them, and even if they had it it would not relieve them from the penalties of the confessional and excommunication, and if Mr. Mowat did not grant the ballot he did not think they could blame him. On the whole Mr. Mowat had taken a course which did not entitle him to the condemnation of any Protestant in Ontario. (Applause.) As a Liberal and a Protestant, Mr. Charlton added, Mr. Mowat had his confidence, and he thought they were just as likely under the present administration of six, four of whom were staunch Presbyterians, to have progress in this direction. Did they suppose Mr. Meredith would be any better? (Cries of "No, no.") "I shall vote for Mr. Mowat," continued Mr. Charlton, "under the belief that he is worthy of my support as an Equal Rights Protestant." If any of them wanted to vote for Mr. Meredith it was all right, it would not matter to the Equal Rights party which was successful. They should not be diverted from the purpose in view of building up a homogeneous people by being made allies of this party or that. (Cheers.) The meeting then closed.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, April 22.—There is never too much modesty displayed by Nicholas Flood David, but his ambition and love of dramatic display must have been satisfied when he occupied for nearly one whole day the attention of the House of Commons. He first discussed in an intelligent way some of the needs of the Northwest, such

giving to Laidlaw a worthless section, without a tree on it, lying just south of the limit he had applied for. Rykert was at the Department nearly every day and the result was that the order-in-council issued to Adams, Mr. Rykert's client, gave him Laidlaw's limit containing all the valuable timber, fifty square miles. Dalton McCarthy stated that he characterized the transaction at the time as a gross fraud, and Mr. Laidlaw swore he was never able to get an explanation from the Department. To show that Laidlaw and Adams were going snooks in this business Mr. Rykert put in a highly amusing letter, written in May, 1882, one month before the general elections, by Laidlaw to Adams in Winnipeg. It ran something like this: "The elections are coming on and the Griots are howling like demons. If they win the elections good-bye to our timber limits. They will cancel them and give them to the Griots. That is their way. We had better get these timber licenses in our possession at once before the Government could resign should the elections—God forbid—go against them." This letter was received with shouts of laughter. Letters were also put in from Mr. Rykert in which he boasted that the Government were opposed to granting these limits, but he could make them yield, and it seems he did. The Committee will meet again to-day (Tuesday). Sir John Macdonald, Sir Hector Langevin, Sir John Thompson, Mr. Laurier, Mr. Blake, Mr. Chapleau, Mr. Colby, Mr. David Mills, Mr. Costigan—all these leaders are in attendance at the Committee.

Prorogation is not now looked for until the middle of May or later.

ONLY THE BREATH WASTED.

Utilized from His Horns to the Tip of His Tail.

The blood of the beef animal is caught and sold to make albumen for sugar refiners and other manufacturers, one use of it being the cheap substitute for hard rubber and other plastic materials used in the manufacture of buttons and other articles. Next the hide is taken off, and after the meat is dressed the contents of the stomach are removed and dried and baled for manure, and the stomach itself is prepared as tripe. The hide goes to the tanner, the head is skinned and denuded of flesh for the sausage maker, the horns are knocked off and go to the comb maker, who knocks out the pith and sells it to the glue manufacturer, who is ever ready to take all the refuse from any part of the steer.

The horny coverings of hoofs are almost as useful as the horns for making buttons, etc., and the feet make oil and glue. The shinbones make the finest of bone handles for various purposes, and all the remainder of the bony structure which the butcher is unable to sell with the meat finds its way eventually to the manufacturer of bone fertilizer and bone black. With the bones there is usually considerable marrow, grease and glue stock, all of which is used by the bone men in various ways. A few of the tails are absorbed in cold weather in the manufacture of ox tail soup, but usually "the tail goes with the hide," and becomes spoiled for domestic use while lying around the tannery.

Every scrap of the skin of the animal, even the pate, as the skin of the head is called, is used in one way or another, and the refuse of the tanneries forms an important part of the income of the establishments. This explains why large establishments with facilities and arrangements to utilize all these parts, and with labor saving machinery for the various operations of slaughtering, etc., can pay all expenses, including freight two ways, out of what mainly goes to waste in ordinary butchering operations.

ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

"The Senor, no doubt, has much upon his mind," he said at last. "He wishes to meditate upon the fortune that we offer him. He is quite right and I shall disturb him no more. He will join me in smoking?" Hardy shook his head. "No? Ah, then he will pardon me if I smoke alone."

Saying which, Don Pedro unrolled a cigar, brushed away a part of the tobacco, re-rolled it firmly, lighted it with a double-headed match, and then settled himself as comfortably as the circumstances of the case would permit on the seat improvised from a nail-leg, and apparently gave himself up wholly to the pure happiness of smoking.

That Don Pedro's abstraction was more apparent than real was shown by the fact that he had been careful to seat himself between Hardy and the telegraph instrument. And Hardy noticed also that when the men outside lit their cigarettes—as they presently did, of course—the little ceremony of unwrapping, rewrapping, and lighting was performed in turn, so that one of them watched him constantly, alert and with free hands. They all seemed to think that a single touch upon the key of the telegraph would suffice to give the alarm; and they all evidently had a wholesome respect for Hardy's strength and courage, and were determined to guard against the possibility of his taking them by surprise. As he perceived how sharply they watched him, the saying current on the border, that one American can whip three Mexicans, came into his mind; and he smiled grimly as he thought that these three Mexicans certainly were conducting themselves as though they believed that the saying was true. But for the certainty that the sound of shooting would bring all the men in the town about his ears, he would have given them a chance—unarmed though he was—to settle the matter by a practical experiment; and he rather flattered himself that the saying would be confirmed by the result. Probably he was over confident, for the Mexicans were so keenly alive to his smallest movement that any demonstration of hostility on his part would have been nipped in the bud. Even when he put his hand in his pocket for his pipe, they all three forgotting for the moment that they had taken his pistol from him—were on their feet in an instant and had him covered with their revolvers. He threw up his hands promptly and explained his intentions, and with rather a sheepish look they sat down again. But while he could not help laughing to himself, he perceived that the odds against him were even heavier than he had taken them to be. For the first time in his life he admitted the thought that perhaps he had got into a scrape that he could not get out of.

Hardy smoked gloomily. The outlook, so far as he himself was concerned, did not greatly trouble him. He had not found life so pleasant that the near prospect of pining with it occasioned him regret. But the thought of what the loss of his life would mean to Mary filled him with a keen misery. He could see no hope for her at all. There was no one to help her. She could not help herself. He doubted even if she had a sufficient strength of purpose to seek in death the one desperate chance of escape left open to her. Unless her husband should be shot or hung—of which, of course, there was a fairly hopeful probability—her present wretched existence might drag on for years and years. Of course, she would die of it, or be driven mad by it, at last; but what grinding agony would be hers until, in death or madness, she found her release.

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W. D. MADDEN

AGENT, NAPANEE.

The Napanee Express.

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1890.

The Equal Rights party at Ottawa have put a candidate in the field in the person of Mr. Hay. Mr. Mackintosh is the Conservative candidate. Mr. Christie, who said a few days ago that he was in the field to stay, has declined to run.

Mr. F. H. Chrysler, Q.C., is the Liberal nominee for the House of Commons in the pending election at Ottawa, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. W. D. Perl y. Mr. Chrysler is said to be a young man of first rate ability and a clever platform speaker. We learn that his chance of election is good.

If there is one man in Ontario who honestly deserves the name of Equal Righter, that man is Hon. O. Mowat. During the eighteen years he has been in office he has been the friend of the people, and has governed this Province for the people as a whole and not in the interest of any individual, sect, faction or clique.

The Reform policy for the Dominion may be simply summed up as being the same as the British policy—a revenue tariff and no taxes upon food. The Conservative policy is the same as that promulgated by the Republicans of the States—Protection—which means the impoverishment of the masses to enrich a class.

The candidature of Mr. J. L. Hughes, for Peel, has been attacked because he is a School Inspector. The Empire howled lustily at this. But it forgot, or did not know that in 1873 the Opposition in the Local House put itself on record thus: "That it is highly derogatory to the interests of education that any Inspector of High or Public Schools should occupy a political position either by candidature of Parliament or by acting or engaging in any political contest."

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at they had it it would not remove them from the penalties of the confessional and excommunication, and if Mr. Mowat did not grant the ballot he did not think they could blame him. On the whole Mr. Mowat had taken a course which did not entitle him to the condemnation of any Protestant in Ontario. (Applause.) As a Liberal and a Protestant, Mr. Charlton added, Mr. Mowat had his confidence, and he thought they were just as likely under the present administration of six, four of whom were staunch Presbyterians, to have progress in this direction. Did they suppose Mr. Meredith would be any better? (Cries of "No, no.") "I shall vote for Mr. Mowat," continued Mr. Charlton, "under the belief that he is worthy of my support as an Equal Rights Protestant." If any of them wanted to vote for Mr. Meredith it was all right, it would not matter to the Equal Rights party which was successful. They should not be diverted from the purpose in view of building up a homogeneous people by being made allies of this party or that. (Cheers.) The meeting then closed.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, April 22.—There is never too much modesty displayed by Nicholas Flood David, but his ambition and love of dramatic display must have been satisfied when he occupied for nearly one whole day the attention of the House of Commons. He first discussed in an intelligent way some of the needs of the Northwest, such as irrigation, a precaution against prairie fires, a university grant of land and half-breed grievances. All his motions were voted down and then the prairie poet literature, linguist and statesman resumed his attack on Mr. Herchimer, Commissioner of Mounted Police, whom he charged with high crimes and misdemeanors. In proof of his incompetence as a soldier he alluded to the manoeuvres before the Governor General at Regina last year. Hon. Mr. Dewdney told the House that Davin was riding round the Governor General in a cayuse, and had to be led away between two Sergeants. The House was so amused at this that Davin struck back viciously by saying he was not for ten years picking the eyes out of the country like Dewdney, and couldn't, like Dewdney, afford a carriage obtained in an improper way. At this Dewdney fired up angrily and told Davin if he did not withdraw the statement he would make him. The Minister of the Interior is the quietest man in the government, but as his face flushed and his eyes flashed Davin quailed and took it back. During the debate there were a series of encounters and contradictions between these two. Alluding to his refusal to accept his leader's suggestion of a departmental enquiry Davin compared himself to Ajax defying the lightning and added that the Premier's powers were terrible because of his affection for the Premier. Davin's motion for a Royal Commission was defeated, the Opposition voting for it.

Most of the time of the House for the past week has been spent in Committee on the Tariff changes. They have talked much and sat late, till between one and two in the morning. The Minister of Finance has announced a number of further changes, some increases and some reductions, a few additions being placed on the free list. The duty on salted meats has been reduced from three to two cents, and the duty on spirits lowered from \$1.75 to \$2.00, but with the standard of strength 15 degrees below proof in

rubber and other plastic materials used in the manufacture of buttons and other articles. Next the hide is taken off, and after the meat is dressed the contents of the stomach are removed and dried and baled for manure, and the stomach itself is prepared as tripe. The hide goes to the tanner, the head is skinned and denuded of flesh for the sausage maker, the horns are knocked off and go to the comb maker, who knocks out the pith and sells it to the glue manufacturer, who is ever ready to take all the refuse from any part of the steer.

The horny coverings of hoofs are almost as useful as the horns for making buttons, etc., and the feet make oil and glue. The shinbones make the finest of bone handles for various purposes, and all the remainder of the bony structure which the butcher is unable to sell with the meat finds its way eventually to the manufacturer of bone fertilizer and bone black. With the bones there is usually considerable marrow, grease and glue stock, all of which is used by the bone men in various ways. A few of the tails are absorbed in cold weather in the manufacture of ox tail soup, but usually "the tail goes with the hide," and becomes spoiled for domestic use while lying around the tannery.

Every scrap of the skin of the animal, even the pate, as the skin of the head is called, is used in one way or another, and the refuse of the tanneries forms an important part of the income of the establishments. This explains why large establishments with facilities and arrangements to utilize all these parts, and with labor saving machinery for the various operations of slaughtering, etc., can pay all expenses, including freight two ways, out of what mainly goes to waste in ordinary butchering operations, when only a beef or two per day is killed. —Orange Judd Farmer.

Fattening Lambs.

Twenty Spanish Merino ewe lambs, small, oily, wrinkly, wooly specimens, were selected. Their average weight on Jan. 2 was only 52 3-20 pounds. They were confined to a comfortable shed, in which was running water, and were regularly fed with hay three times each day, while the grain ration, given at noon and night, consisting of oats, bran and a little cracked corn, weighed only one-third of a pound to each sheep per day. At the end of thirty days, or on Feb. 1, the lambs were reweighed (at the same time of day as before) and showed an average gain of 5 3-5 pounds each in weight.

This is apparently nothing extraordinary; but it is really an increase of over 10 per cent. on their original weight in thirty days. The grain ration, it will be observed, was very small indeed, and designed for a healthful growth, and not for fattening purposes. Mutton sheep are fed at least four or five times as much grain, and that of a more carbonaceous nature, when they are being fitted for the market. But a lot of ram lambs fed and treated in a similar way did even better. They made an average gain of exactly seven pounds each, or nearly 11 per cent. on their original weight. One lamb—a small one weighing but fifty-four and one-quarter pounds—made the phenomenal gain of ten pounds, or an increase of over 18 per cent. in the thirty days. —L. W. Peet in Rural New Yorker.

Disbarring Cattle.

The question of whether or not it is criminal to dishorn cows is now before the Scotch courts, the defense being that it is necessary to cut off the horns of Irish and Canadian cattle to keep them from going each year in the feeding courts used in Scotland during the winter. One witness testified that experience had convinced him to favor dishorning, and that he now practices it with all his Guernsey cows, who seem to suffer little pain from the operation and the quality of whose milk is not affected by it. The English courts have held that the practice was a criminal one.

Points of Interest.

The better farmers of the present day

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"Only a little while longer, Senor," Don Pedro said cheerfully, as this change was made.

Hardy wondered what was going to happen at the end of the little while but he did not speak. The dead silence in which they sat was broken only by the clatter of the telegraph as from time to time a message went over the line. There was something harrowing in this sound. It made him seem so near, while in reality help was so hopelessly far away. The dispatches going through were on company's service—train orders and the like. Hardy listened to them idly, repeating in his mind the words as they were built up from the intermittent sounds. For a while there was silence. The room was quite dark now, save that for a little space within each doorway there shone a faint, hazy light from the stars. It must be eight o'clock, Hardy thought, in two hours more Barwood would demand his answer. He was ready to give it. The moon would be rising about that time—the last moonrise that he ever would see. It was odd to stop off short this way, right in the middle of one's life. It was like buying a through ticket to Chicago and being tied off to the train at a way station somewhere out on the plains. It didn't seem like a fair deal. Here the noise of the telegraph broke to once more upon his thoughts. An order was going through to the north bound passenger train that would pass Santa Maria between three and four o'clock the following morning.

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CHAPTER VI.

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At first it seems at first blush too monstrous to be believed, yet upon consideration of its past history, and judged in the light of what is now going on, we must conclude that the Government at Ottawa have entered into a corrupt and nefarious bargain with the manufacturers—the Government by the imposition of duties to subsidize the manufacturers, while in return they are to furnish the funds needed with which to buy the doubtful constituencies. If proof of this statement is needed, it is furnished by the actions of the parties interested during the past few years, and particularly during the past few months. The publicly expressed wishes of representative farmers for freer trade have been met with an increase of taxation. No one has ever accused the farmer of offering to buy the Government. In the early days of the present session ministers announced that there would be no alterations in the tariff. The deputations of manufacturers who are able to pay for favours had not then arrived at Ottawa. It has often been debated in a quiet way whether the Government was owned by the Canada Pacific Railway or by the manufacturers. In days gone by, while the Railway magnates were expending large sums of money, to ask of the Government was to receive; but of late the manufacturers, having bled freely for the good of the dominant party, have become almost supreme, and it may be safely asserted that Canada has a manufacturers' government.

The Separate School question is absorbing a great deal of attention, par-

liamentarian resumed his attack on Mr. Herchimer, Commissioner of Mounted Police, whom he charged with high crimes and misdemeanors. In proof of his incompetence as a soldier he alluded to the manoeuvres before the Governor General at Regina last year. Hon. Mr. Dewdney told the House that Davin was riding round the Governor General in a cayuse, and had to be led away between two Sergeants. The House was so amused at this that Davin struck back viciously by saying he was not for ten years picking the eyes out of the country like Dewdney, and couldn't, like Dewdney, afford a carriage obtained in an improper way. At this Dewdney fired up angrily and told Davin if he did not withdraw the statement he would make him. The Minister of the Interior is the quietest man in the government, but as his face flushed and his eyes flashed Davin quailed and took it back. During the debate there were a series of encounters and contradictions between these two. Alluding to his refusal to accept his leader's suggestion of a departmental enquiry Davin compared himself to Ajax defying the lightning and added that the Premier's powers were terrible because of his affection for the Premier. Davin's motion for a Royal Commission was defeated, the Opposition voting for it.

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The Bremner Fur Committee met again on Friday and asked Stuart Henderson, Bremner's Ottawa solicitor, to produce certain papers. Henderson declined, as it might prejudice the interests of his client. In this he was upheld by Mr. Lister, the member for Lambton, Ont., who said he would, in place of Mr. Henderson, go to the Tower first. Deputy Minister of the Interior Burges testified that the Half-breeds Claims Commission had valued the furs stolen from Bremner at \$5,300. The Committee will likely report the facts without assessing the damages. The Committee unanimously agreed that the evidence established Gen. Middleton's guilt as to selling, appropriating some and giving away others of these furs. The Committee meets again to-day (Tuesday).

The most interesting evidence yet given in the Rykert enquiry has just come out in the testimony of Dalton McCarthy, M.P., and Wm. Laidlaw, a Hamilton solicitor. Wm. Laidlaw is brother to Robert Laidlaw, one of McCarthy's constituents who applied through Mr. McCarthy for 140 square miles of timber limits at Cypress Hills. Nearly a month afterwards Mr. Rykert applied for 100 square miles within the same area. Rykert got Laidlaw to act in concert with him and Laidlaw, hearing that the Department would only grant 50 square miles to each, agreed to a joint survey. Mr. McCarthy swore that he saw the Deputy Minister draw up the report to Council, containing the exact description of the limit applied for by Laidlaw, but when the order-in-council was issued it contained an altogether different description.

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Dishorning Cattle.

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Points of Interest.

The better farmers of the present day are beginning to prize the young of the ox or the horse for farm work. A pair of twelve hundred pound mules are worth from five to six hundred dollars to any farmer.

Farmers who a few years ago stocked their fish ponds with carp are now changing to the European brown trout, finding that a much preferable table fish.

I do not want a kicking cow, says John Gould, but I do want to see one with nerve enough to, when abused, kick her plouser into the furthest corner of the barn so severely that when he arrives there he will understand she has the better developed brain.

Raise all the colts you can. It is an ancient saying that one strong, gentle, old mare has paid off the mortgage on any a poor man's farm.

Every farmer ought to have a fish pond on his premises. It will help take away that lack of variety which is the worst feature of farm diet.

The Clyde horse and the English Shire are both descended from the old Flanders horse, which used to be the war steed of Europe before the wider was invented. It was of immense size and strength, and had long hair on its legs, was "feather-legged," as it is termed. All European draft horses are descended from the Flanders breed.

From a weak beginning, fifteen years ago, quail in Colorado have increased till they have become quite common.

There are some things that are beyond the control of the farmer, but the breeding of scrub stock of any kind or condition is not one of them. Nor is the raising of scrub crops, the making of poor hay, having tumble down barns or fences, a dirty house yard, too many mean cures, or an absence of fruit on the farm. These and many others are under his own control. —Field and Farm.

through were on company's service—train orders and the like. Hardy listened to them idly, repeating in his mind the words as they were built up in the intermittent sounds. For a while there was silence. The room was quite dark now, save that for a little space within each doorway there shone a faint, hazy light from the stairs. It must be eight o'clock, Hardy thought, in two hours more Barwood would demand his answer. He was ready to give it. The moon would be rising about that time—the last moonrise that he ever would see. It was odd to stop off short this way, right in the middle of one's life. It was like buying a through ticket to Chicago and being tied off the train at a way station somewhere out on the plains. It didn't seem like a fair deal. Here the pulse of the telegraph bleeps to once more upon his thoughts. An order was going through to the north bound passenger train that would pass Santa Maria between three and four o'clock the following morning.

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"Glory to God!" he said, fervently.

"We now can have something to eat."

But almost half an hour passed before Don Pedro was permitted to realize this pleasant expectation. Then the sound of footsteps and voices was heard, and Barwood, carrying a lantern, entered the station, followed by a couple of Mexicans. With the arrival of this relief, Don Pedro and the two watchers were off like shots to their suppers. Barwood put down his lantern, seated the horse on the table, and seated himself beside it. He was clad in full ranchero costume; tight-fitting trousers, girded with a red sash, and adorned with rows of silver buttons down the outside of the legs; wide-brimmed sombrero; short boots, and great spurs. In this dress, the illusion being created by his dark hair and beard and black eyes he looked so thoroughly Mexican that until he spoke Hardy did not recognize him.

"Nice rig, ain't it?" he said, with a grin. "An' it's as useful as it's pretty. For the little game that I'm goin' to play to-night I don't specially care to have any of my friends recognize me—and I rather guess they won't. A Mexican I should say that I was solid." He chuckled at the and then went on: "My friends here don't understand English, so we can speak right out, free an' comfortable. What sort of a time have you an' Don Pedro been havin'? Did he talk matters over with you any?"

"No," Hardy answered shortly, "he didn't."

"Well, I don't know as it makes much difference. I've given the man the an' that's all you need to make up your mindon. Have you got down to bed yet, or are you still zeratin' around in the gravel?" Time's pretty near up, you know."

"I guess I've got down to about as much bed-rock as I'm likely to get to."

"Well?"

"You can begin your shooting whenever you please."

"Whoa! Steady! Now, who's been sayin' anything 'bout shootin'? That midweed fool of a Don Pedro, I suppose. An'—well, yes, come to think of it, I believe I did sort of hint about somethin' of that sort myself. But that's only in case you

Minard's Liniment sold everywhere.

won't come in, you know—an' I think you're comin' all right. Now, just you listen t' me. This afternoon I couldn't speak out as free as I wanted to. It would 'a' been takin' mos' too many chances if I'd talked out before th' up train had passed, an' while th' telegraph was workin'—you've caught on. I guess t' th' telegraph bein' busted?"

Hardy nodded.

"Yes, I thought you had, for you're one of th' quick kind. Well, then, you see I really can talk right out t' you, for nothin' you can do now can do no hurt. You can't mend th' wires, for th' cuts are a pretty long ways off, both sides; an' if you tried t' walk off I's pose some of that fool talk you say Don Pedro's been givin' you about shootin' would come tru'. Yes, I really s'pose t' would.

"Now maybe you've sized things up 's t' know that just for a little thing like droppin' on you—in case we have to do it, that is—I wouldn't bother t' dress up in Mexican fashion, an' none on us would tackle such a risky game as cuttin' th' telegraph wires. An' so maybe you've got hold of th' idea that there's somethin' up that's really worth talkin' about, eh?"

Hardy had not reached any such conclusion, and Barwood's words took him by surprise. In common with most men he regarded the taking of his life as the most important event that possibly could happen—forgetting that this is one of the cases in which the difference between the personal and impersonal standpoints marks also a difference between importance and triviality. He had regarded, therefore, the cutting of the wires, and Barwood's assumption of Mexican dress by ways of disguise, as natural measures of prudence, which to grave a matter as his prospective murder abundantly justified. Indeed, he had accepted the cutting of the wires as a sure sign that his murder had been irrevocably decided upon. But this presentment of the case from the standpoint of an impartial outsider, while it was sufficiently convincing and somewhat humiliating, was not enlightening. He looked puzzled.

"So you haven't tumbled to it?" Barwood went on. "Well, all I can say is, you're not quite as quick as I thought you was. Yes, s'ce, we've got somethin' on hand for to-night that really is worth talkin' about. It's a joy, it is. Why, man, there's two hundred thousand dollars in coined silver on th' up train t' night, an' we mean t' have it! Now, how does that strike you?"

Hardy looked steadily at Barwood and made no answer. He was strongly disposed to believe that Barwood was lying.

"It's th' everlastin' truth," Barwood went on, perceiving the look of doubt on Hardy's face, and answering it. "It's just th' solid, everlastin' truth. We've been layin' for this haul for th' past two months—waitin' for enough of th' stuff t' come along in one lump t' make it worth while t' strike for t'. Now it's comin', an' we're goin' to get in our work."

"How are you going about it?" Hardy asked.

"Well, we've sort of fixed things down to the Barranca Grande. I forgot, you don't know nothin' about the Barranca Grande, or where t' is. It's a big barranca, six or seven kilometers down th' line. It's a hundred feet deep, I guess, in th' middle, an' there's a wooden trestle across it about four hundred feet long. As soon as Number Two went across this afternoon some of th' boys got t' work at that trestle—an' tain't in near as good order now as 'twas when they begun. Th' company's been promisin' an' promisin' th' government for th' last six months they'd put in th' permanent bridge over that barranca—I guess they'll go t' work an' do it now."

"You mean that you've cut that trestle so that the passenger train will go down into the barranca?" Hardy's heart stopped beating as he asked this question, and even his lips became white. But he kept his voice steady, and in the dim light Barwood did not see the paleness of his face.

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All Kinds of Harvesting Machinery and Implements,
Mill Machinery Threshing Machines, Engines,
Farm and School Bells,
Washing Machines and Wringers.**

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P.S.—Ask for circular of any kind of machine or implement you require.

1-26m

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RECT TO

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3 packages Corn Starch for.....	25
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10 cakes Laundry Soap for.....	25
7 big cakes Electric Soap for.....	25
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177 **R. A. SHOREY.**

P.S.—Cash paid for Butter and Eggs.



posing that he should be successful in breaking away from his guards—the first point to be gained in any event—it was clear from what Barwood had said about the work of destroying the trestle still being in progress that he could not hope to go down the line of the railroad without being discovered. That there was a trail parallel with the railroad was probable, but he did not know where to find it; and to try to work his way through the chaparral in the darkness—an undertaking of great difficulty even in broad daylight—was not even worth considering. His plan, therefore, was to go up the track, away from the scene of the intended wreck, to the first station beyond the cut in the wires, and thence telegraph for assistance. This was not a sure thing, like the other; but there was ground for strong hope that a force of men could be collected at the northern terminus, and run down by a fast engine to the Barranca Grande in time to scatter, or possibly capture, the wreckers, and give warning to the north-bound train. The next station north, Las Palomas, was twenty miles away. Three hours would be the shortest time in which he could make this distance on foot; and three hours would be a perilously large amount of time to take from the six hours intervening before the arrival of the up train at the broken trestle—and he still had to make his escape from his guards.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dr. M. Bashoff, of Trinidad, Colo., writes: The present distress of the farmers of the west is due to credit; any man who habitually buys on credit will be ruined. It is a system that always brings trouble in its train, and the farmers of the west are its greatest patrons. They can never become successful until they quit it. No man can become successful until he quits bad habits of finance. A man's money affairs are his vital interests; if they are not promptly attended to he will fail. A man who buys more than he can pay for, and is known as slow pay, is setting fire to his own house.

Points of Interest.

One industry greatly neglected in this country is the breeding of large, strong mules. The farmer who would go into this systematically could get good prices for all he could raise. The animals are in demand wherever there is heavy grading, railroad or otherwise, and in mining operations and elsewhere. Northern farmers neglect the honest mule sadly. Few know how profitable he is, both for farm work at home and for selling.

At a late Kentucky sale 400 horses brought an average of \$585 a head.

Not long since a dealer shipped eighteen horses from a station in Pennsylvania to Newark, N. J., all in one car. Ventilated cars were expensive, new fangled devices, and this economical man sent the horses in an unventilated one. When the animals reached Newark fifteen of them were dead—had been suffocated. It was hard on the horses, but it served the man right.

Maud S. lives in a stable of pressed brick and sandstone next door to Dr. John Hall's church, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-fifth street, New York.

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In his excitement Barwood paced up and down the room, emphasizing his words with short jerks of his head and eager movements of his hands.

"An' now that you know the whole business, Hardy," he went on, "will you or will you not come in? I think it's pretty liberal in me to give you the chance; but the fact of the matter is I never can more'n half trust these Greasers, an' in a job of this size I want somebody along as I know I can tie to. There'll be about twenty of us in the job, an' that'll make ten thousand dollars apiece when we come to divide up. Ten thousand dollars for one night's work strikes me as being about the everlastingest biggest wages I've ever knowed a man to earn. Tell me, is it a go?"

In the indignation aroused by Barwood's cool presentation of this devilish project, and in his eager desire to prevent it, Hardy had lost sight completely of his own present danger and utter helplessness. His mind was working so actively, indeed, to find a means whereby he could upset this plan for train wrecking, robbery, and murder that he did not hear Barwood's question in conclusion, and did not reply to it. Evidently taking his silence for hesitation Barwood continued:

"Of course, I'm bound to tell you once more—though each talk ain't pleasant to the friends—that if you don't come in these are about up with you. An' perhaps I'd better remind you of what I was sayin' about Mary. What you see in Mary, the Lord only knows—it's more'n I do! But since you do see something in her, I tell you again I'll chuck her into the bargain, along with that ten thousand dollars that is waitin' for you now in the express car that at this minute is a comin' up the road. Don't be bashful on my account, I'm pretty well fixed, I guess, to get along without her. An' don't you forget that the money chance I'm givin' you ain't the kind that comes twice in any man's lifetime—accordin' to my experience it's mighty seldom it comes out."

"Now, I'm goin' over to see that my Greasers have got things straight in their heads about what they've got to do. They're a dumb lot. The Alcalde's the best of 'em—see's down to the trestle now, bossin' things—but even he's more'n half a fool when he's sober, an' a good deal more'n half crazy when he's drunk. Lord! what a relief it'll be to have you around to help look after 'em!"

"I'll be back in a little while, an' when I come I expect to find you gettin' your hat on ready to start. It's taken you sort of sudden, I see, an' that's the reason I'm not hurryin' you for an answer. But don't you forget what it is you're choosin' between; it's bein' Mary an' ten thousand dollars or

you, Hardy? He went on, "will you or will you not come in? I think it's pretty liberal in me to give you the chance; but the fact of the matter is I never, can more than half trust these Graciers, and in a job of this size I want somebody along as I know I can tie to. There'll be about twenty of us in the job, and that'll make ten thousand dollars apiece when we come to divide up. Ten thousand dollars for one night's work strikes me as being about the everlastingest biggest wages I ever known a man to earn. Tell me, is it a go?"

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With this vocabulary Barwood departed, the two Mexicans remaining on guard just outside the door. In a moment he came back again.

"I forgot you hadn't any supper," he said. "I'll send some over to you—you must be hungry in the night." As he turned away he added with a grin, "An' I'll fix things so you won't be lonely while you're eatin' it, either."

As he passed the two Mexicans Hardy heard him say, "The Senor is composin' his mind to join us. He's all right." He added something in a lower voice, of which Hardy caught only the words "Senora" and "keep out of the way." Then the sound of his footsteps died away as he walked toward the town. One of the Mexicans turned with a friendly nod toward the prisoner: "The Senor is very wise to join us," he said.

It was evident that a climax was approaching rapidly. Hardy's excitement was intense, but he did not lose his coolness. His nerves were strung to the highest pitch, but he held them also luteally under control. For the accomplishment of such a piece of work as he perceived was cut out for him this was not a bad state to be in. His mind was in admirable condition to plan, and his bodily strength to execute was increased prodigiously. The fact that his situation already was desperate, made him absolutely indifferent to danger. The thought of the tremendous responsibility that rested upon him—for he alone could prevent, if prevention were possible, this imminent wholesale murder—gave him a firm foundation of moral purpose and high resolve. Under these conditions, a strong, simple nature, such as Hardy's was, rises readily to the plane of the heroic.

Before the sound of Barwood's footsteps had quite died away he had conceived the outlines of the only practicable plan for escaping that the circumstances of the case allowed. The best thing to be done, of course, was to get to the first station on the other side of the cut in the wires, and telegraph a warning to the advancing train. But this he had rejected as impossible. Sup-

can never become successful until they quit it. No man can become successful until he quits bad habits of tugging. A man's money affairs are his vital interests; if they are not promptly attended to he will fail. A man who buys more than he can pay for, and is known as a slow pay, is setting fire to his own house.

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FREE Sewing-Machine. To at once establish a reputation for placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 25 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out before patents run out it sold for \$125, with the attachments, and now sells for \$50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Send brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the first line of work of high art ever shown together in America. **TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.**

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A certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

Instant Relief. Permanent Cure. Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, being sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of **NASAL BALM**. Do **not** wait in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. **NASAL BALM** is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and 25¢ by addressing:

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Be wary of imitations, similar in name.

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16 lbs. Nice White Sugar for..... \$1 00
15 lbs. Granulated Sugar for..... 1 00
1 lbs. No. 1 Japan Tea for..... 1 00
3 packages Corn Starch for..... 25
3 lbs. good Laundry Starch for..... 25
10 cakes Laundry Soap for..... 25
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Flour, Feed,

Prize Confection Powder, Hams, Bacon, Lard, Oatmeal, etc.

Confectionery of all kinds at rock bottom prices for cash. A call solicited.

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P.S.—Cash paid for Butter and Eggs.

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Has a world wide reputation as a physician and author. His Mandrake Dandelion Liver Cure is a triumph of medical skill, curing all diseases of the Kidney and Liver.

SYMPTOMS OF

KIDNEY COMPLAINT.—Distressing aches and pains in the back; a dull pain or weight in the bladder and base of the abdomen; scalding urine often obstructed; frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, among aged persons; hot, dry skin, pale complexion, red and white deposits, dizziness, sour stomach, constipation, piles, dropsical swellings, etc.

SYMPTOMS OF

LIVER COMPLAINT.—Pain under shoulder blades, jaundice, sallow complexion, a weary, tired feeling, no life or energy, headache, dyspepsia, indigestion, spots, pimples, etc.

HOW CURED.

Mandrake and Dandelion are nature's Liver cures, and when combined with Kidney remedies, as in Dr. Chase's Liver Cure will positively cure all Kidney-Liver troubles. It acts like a charm, stimulating the clogged liver, strengthening the kidneys and invigorating the whole body. Sold by all dealers at \$1, with Receipt Book, which alone is worth the money.

KIDNEY LIVER PILLS. during any employment. They cure Kidney-Liver troubles, headache, biliousness, costiveness, etc. One Pill a dose. Sold by all dealers; price, 25 cents.

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DETROIT & FULLERTON, Medical Agents.

MARVELOUS DISCOVERY

B. B. B.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Is a purely vegetable compound, possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system, and controlling their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it

CURES

All blood humors and diseases, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and this combined with its unrivaled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence on the secretions of the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, render it unequalled as a cure for all diseases of the

SKIN

From one to two bottles will cure boils, pimples, blotches, nettle rash, scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms of skin disease. From two to four bottles will cure salt rheum or eczema, shingles, erysipelas, ulcers, abscesses, running sores, and all skin eruptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin

DISEASES

Are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by B. B. B. Passing on to graver yet prevalent diseases, such as scrofulous swellings, humors and

SCROFULA

We have undoubted proof that from three to six bottles used internally and by outward application (diluted if the skin is broken) to the affected parts, will effect a cure. The great mission of B. B. B. is to regulate the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, to correct acidity and wrong action of the stomach, and to open the sluice-ways of the system to carry off all clogged and impure secretions, allowing nature thus to aid recovery and remove without fail

BAD BLOOD

Liver complaint, biliousness, sick headache, dropsy, rheumatism, and every species of disease arising from disordered liver, kidneys, stomach, bowels and blood. We guarantee every bottle of B. B. B. Should any person be dissatisfied after using the first bottle, we will refund the money on application personally or by letter. We will also be glad to send testimonials and information proving the effects of B. B. B. in the above named diseases, on application to T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto, Ont.

FREE \$25 Solid Gold Watch. Sold for \$100.00. Worth \$100.00. Best \$25 watch in the world. Peris timekeeper. Warranted Heavy Hunting Clock. Invaluable for gold hunters, with boxes and cases of equal value. One Person in each locality can secure one free. Send for our large Free, and after you have kept it 2 months, deliver them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight and insurance. **Stinson & Co., Box 512, Portland, Maine.**

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First Settlers excursion train for Manitoba will leave Toronto 9 p. m. Feb'y. 25th and every Tuesday thereafter during March and April. Order your cars in time and buy tickets over Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Ry. via, Toronto and North Bay.

Very low rates to Denver and other Western points.

I will check your baggage through. No other agent can do this. Call or write

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Parties intending to use Barb Wire should not fail to see the

Patent Safety Barb Wire

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R. G. WRIGHT,

126 and 128 Dundas-st., Nanawau.

Climbing to the Top.

Never look behind, boys.
Up, and on the way!
Time enough for that, boys,
On some future day;
Though the way be long, boys,
Fight it with a will;
Never stop to look behind
When climbing up a hill.

First be sure you're right, boys,
Then with courage strong
Strap your pack upon your back,
And tug, tug along;
Better let the lag-out
Fill the lower bill,
And strike the farther stake pole
Higher up the hill.

Trudge is a slow horse, boys,
Made to pull a load,
But in the end will give the dust
To racers on the road.
When you're near the top, boys,
Of the rugged way,
Do not stop to blow your horn,
But climb, climb away.

Shoot above the crowd, boys,
Brace yourselves and go!
Let the plodding land-lad
Hoo the easy row.
Success is at the top, boys,
Waiting there until
Brains and pluck and self-respect
Have mounted up the hill.

— James Whitcomb Riley.

We'll Move the First of May.

We'll break the windows, mar the doors,
And ruin everything;
We'll tear the paper off the walls—it's
pretty nearly spring.
We'll make the house present an awful
picture of decay;
It's time to go smashing things—we'll move
the first of May.

We'll dump the ashes in the hall, we'll clog
the water pipes,
We'll paint the ceilings one and all in wild,
fantastic stripes;
We'll break the door knobs, and the house
we'll wholly disarray.
For that's the way the people do who move
the first of May.

The house we leave behind us will be awful
to behold.

COMMODORE JUNK.

Dinny looked at Mary and gave her a droll cock of the eye, which made her frown and look uneasy.

"Sure, Mither Jack," he said, coolly, "don't you think they're a bit hard on a boy?"

"Hard?" said Mary, shortly.
"Avcoorse. They knocked me down and took away me mushket and bagnet and, there they are in the bottom of the boat. Then they made me get over the gate and escape wid'em; and, now they're safe, they want to put me ashore."

"We can't take you with us," said Abel, shortly.

"Aisy, now! Think about it, sor. Ye're going for a holiday, sure; and under the circumstances I'd like one too. There! I see what you're thinking—that I'd betray ye. Sure, and I'm a Kelly, and ye never knew a Kelly do a dirty thrick to anyone. Did I shout for help last night when you tould me not?"

"You were afraid," growled Bart.
"Afraid!—me afraid? Did ye ever hear of a Kelly who was afraid? No, sor; I said to myself, 'The poor boys are making a run for it, and I'll let them go.' Sure, and I did and here ye are."

"It would not be wise to go near the shore now," said Mary, in a whisper to her brother. "You have nothing to fear from him."

Abel glanced at the happy, contented face before him, and then turned to Bart.

"What do you say?" he asked.

"There's no harm in him," said Bart, with a suspicious look at the Irishman.

"Sure, and you'll find me very useful," said Dinny. "I was at say before I listed, so I can steer and haul a rope."

"Can you keep faith with those who trust you?" said Mary, quickly.

"An' is it a Kelly who can keep faith, me lad? Sure, an, we're the faithfullest people there is anywhere. And, head! But you're a handsome boy, and have a way wid you as'll make some hearts ache before ye've done."

Mary started, and turned of a deep dark red, which showed through her sun-browned skin, as she flashed an angry look upon the speaker.

Dinny burst into a hearty laugh.
"Look at him," he said, "coloring up like a girl. There, don't look at me, boy, as if ye were going to bite. I like to see it in a lad. It shows his heart's in the right place, and that he's honest and true. There, take a grip o' me hand, for I like you as much for your handsome face as for the way you've stood throe to your brother and his mate. And did ye come all the way from your own country to thry and save them?"

Mary nodded.
"Did ye, now? Then ye're a brave lad; and there ain't many men who would have watched night after night in that ugly bit o' wood among the snakes and reptiles. I wouldn't for the best brother I ever had, and there's foive o' em, and all sisters."

Mary smilingly laid her hand in Dinny's, and gazed in the merry, frank face before her.

"I'll trust you," she said.
"And ye shan't repent it, me lad, for you've done no harm, and were niver a prishner. And now, as we are talking I'd like to know what yere brother and number ninety-sivin did to be sent out of the country. It wasn't murder, or they'd have hung 'em, Was it—helping yerselves?"

"My brother and his old friend Bart Wigley were transported to the plantations for beating and half-killing, they said, the scoundrel who had insulted and ill-used his sister," cried Mary, with flashing eyes and flaming cheeks, as she stood up proudly in the boat, and looked from one to the other.

"Wid a shtick?" said Dinny, rubbing his cheek as he peered eagerly into Mary's face.

"Yes, with sticks."
"And with that all?"
"Yes."

"They transported them two boys to this baste of a place, and put chains on their legs for giving a spalpeen like that a big bating wid a shtick?"

"Yes," said Mary, smiling in the eager face before her; "that was the reason."

"Holy Moses!" ejaculated Dinny. "For just handling a shtick like that. Think o' that, now! Why, I sent Larry Higgins to the hospital for sivin weeks wance for just such a thing. An' it was a contimplible thin skull he'd got, just like a bad egg, and it cracked directly I felt it wid the shtick. And what did you do?" he added sharply, as he turned to Mary. "Where was your shtick?"

"Yes, Ma—yes, Jack," cried Abel, checking himself; and then meaningly, as he glanced at Bart, "you're a brother of whom a man may well be proud."

"Ay," cried Bart, excitedly, "a brother of whom a man may well be proud."

"Hurroo!" cried Dinny. "Howlt still, my lad, and I'll soon be through."

And the boat sped onward toward the west.

The island was found just as the Irishman had foretold, and as evening approached without having even sighted a sail on their way, the little boat began coasting along, its occupants eagerly scanning the low, rock-reefed shore, above which waved a luxuriant tropic growth, but for some time no landing-place was found, while, though the sea was calm, there was a heavy swell to curl up and break upon the various reefs in a way that would have swamped their craft had they attempted to land.

The last fether had been laboriously sawn through, Dinny having persisted in continuing the task, and he now sat resting and watching the shore with a critical eye.

All at once, upon sailing round a jagged point to which they had to give a wide berth on account of the fierce race which swept and eddied among the rocks, a pleasantly-wooded little bay opened out before them, with a smooth sandy shore where the waves just creamed and glistened in the sun.

"Look at that, now," said Dinny. "That's where we landed; but I was asleep after pulling a long time at the oar, and I disremembered all about where we went ashore."

"How beautiful!" said Jack, gazing thoughtfully at the glorious scene, and asking herself whether that was to be her future home.

"An'd yer caal that beautiful?" said Dinny, contemptuously. "Young man, did ye ever see Dublin Bay?"

"No," said Jack, smiling in the earnest face before him.

"Nor the Hill of Howth?"

Jack shook his head.

"Then don't call that beautiful again in me presence," said Dinny.

"Puts me in mind of Black Pool," said Bart, thoughtfully.

Further conversation was checked by the interest of landing, the boat being run upon the shore and hidden among the rocks, not that it was likely that it would be seen, but the position of the fugitives and the dread of being retaken made them doubly cautious, Bart even going so far as to obliterate their footprints on the sand.

"Now, then," said Dinny, "you've got the mushket and the bagnet, and those two make one; but if I was you I'd cut down one of them bamboos and shtick the bagnet at that, which would make two of it, and it would be a mighty purty tool to kill a pig."

The hint was taken, Bart soon cutting down a long, straight lance shaft and forcing it into the socket of the bayonet.

"Then next," said Dinny, "if I was captain I should say let's see about something to eat."

"Hear that, Abel?" said Bart.
"Yes, I was thinking of how we could get down some cocoa-nuts. There are plenty of bananas."

"Hapes," put in Dinny; "and there's a cabbage growing in the heart of every one of them bundles of leaves on top of a shtick as they call palms; but them's only vegetables, captain, dear, and me shtomach is asking for mate."

"Can we easily shoot a pig—you say there are some?" said Abel.

"And is it aisy shoot a pig?" said Dinny.

"Here, give me the mushket."

He held out his hand for the piece, and Abel, who bore it, hesitated for a moment or two, and glanced at Jack, who nodded shortly, and the loaded weapon was passed to the Irishman.

"Ye doubted me," he said laughing; "but niver mind, it's quite nat'ral. Come along; I won't shoot any of ye unless I'm very hungry an' can't get a pig."

He led the way through an opening in the rough cliff, and they climbed along a narrow ravine for some few hundred yards, the roar of the sea being hushed and the overhanging trees which held on among the rifts of the rocks shutting out the evening light, so that at times it was quite dusk. But the rocky barrier was soon passed, and an open natural park spread before them, in a depression of which lay a little lake, whose smooth grassy shores were literally ploughed in every direction with shallow scorings of the soil.

"Look at that now," said Dinny in a whisper, as he pointed down at some of the more recent turnings of the soft earth. "The purty creatures have all been as busy as Pat Mulcahy's pig, which nobody could ring. Whisht! he down, ye divils," he whispered, setting the example, and crouching behind a piece of rock.

ceived a blow.

"Bad luck to ye, ye arbitrary young divil!" he cried, springing up. "It's a big bating ye want, is it, to teach ye manners? Thin ye shall have it."

Jack trembled with indignation and excitement, but not with fear, for his cheeks were scarlet instead of pale. A blow had been struck, and he knew that no Irishman would receive one without giving it back with interest, and the only way out of the difficulty was to run, and he scorned to do that.

Quick as lightning he snatched a knife from his pocket, threw open the blade, and held it across his chest, half turning from his assailant, but with the point so directed that, if Dinny had closed, it could only have been at the expense of an ugly wound.

"Look at that now," cried Dinny, pausing with hands raised to grip his adversary; "and me widout a bit o' shtick in me fist. Ye'd shing, would ye, ye little varmint! Put down yer knife and fight like a man. Bah!" he cried contemptuously, as his anger evaporated as rapidly as it had flashed up, "ye're only a boy, and it's no disgrace to have been hit by one o' yer size. I could nearly blow ye away. There, put away yer knife and shake hands."

A hail from the cluster of trees which they made their camp, and Bart and Abel came into sight.

Jack closed his knife with a sigh of relief, and dropped it into his pocket.

"An' ye won't shake hands?" said Dinny, reproachfully.

"Yes, I will, Dinny," cried Jack, warmly, holding out his hand; "and I'm sorry I struck you."

"That's handsome, me lad," cried the Irishman, gripping it tightly. "I'm not sorry, for it don't hurt now, and I'm glad ye've got so much fight in ye. Ye're a brave lad, and there's Irish blood in ye somewhere, though ye're ignorant of the fact. Hallo, captain! what ye're going to go?"

Abel strode up with Bart at his side, looking curiously from one to the other.

"I want to have a talk with you two," said Abel, throwing himself on the sand.

"Sit down."

"Did he see?" said Jack to himself, as he took his place a little on one side.

"A talk, and widout a bit o' tobacco?"

Abel Dinny, with a sigh. "What is it, captain, dear?"

"Bart and I have been thinking over our position here," said Abel, "and we have determined to go."

"To go," said Dinny. "Why, where would ye find a better place?"

"That has to be seen," said Abel; "but we can't stay here, and we want to know where is the nearest port to which we could sail and then get ship for home."

"Get ship for the prison, ye mane!" cried Dinny, indignantly. "They'd send the lot of us back, and in less than a month you and Bart there would be hoeing among the bushes, young Jack here would be thrived and punished for helping ye to escape, and as for me—well," he added, with a comical grin, "I don't know what they'd do with me, but I'm sure they wouldn't give me my promotion."

"But we shall starve if we stay here," said Abel, sternly.

"And is it shlarve wid you two such fish-ermen? Get out wid ye! Let's build a hut before the rainy time comes, and settle down. Here's as fine an estate as a gentleman need wish to have; and some day wan of us'll go for a holiday to Oireland or Scotland, and pernaute four illigant ladies to come wid us and be married; and what more could a boy wish for then, eh, Masther Jack? What do you say, Bart?"

"That we must go," said Bart, gruffly.

"Let's think it over first," said Dinny. "At all events ye can't go for months to come; for ye'd be taken for escaped prisoners at wanst; so, as we've got no vittles, let's take the boat and go out and catch some fish."

Abel frowned, and seemed disposed to continue the discussion; but everyone else was silent, and he rose slowly, ready enough, from old associations, to obey a command. So the little party walked slowly down toward where the boat lay hidden, ready to row it out to the edge of one of the weed-bung reefs, where fish were plentiful; and in spite of the roughness of their hooks and lines a pretty good dish could always be secured.

They had reached the end of the ravine, where the trees and bushes grew thickly, and Jack who was first, was in the act of passing out to the sands of the little bay, when a great hand seized him by the shoulder, and he was dragged back.

His hand went to his pocket again in the instinct of self defence, for it seemed to be a repetition of Dinny's attack; but, turning slowly, he found that it was Bart who had

Higher up the hill.

Trudge is a slow horse, boys,
Made to pull a load,
But in the end will give the dust
To racers on the road.
When you're near the top, boys,
Of the rugged way,
Do not stop to blow your horn,
But climb, climb away.

Shoot above the crowd, boys,
Brace yourselves and go!
Let the plodding landpad
Hoe the easy row.
Success is at the top, boys,
Waiting there until
Brains and pluck and self-respect
Have mounted up the hill.

— James Whitcomb Riley.

We'll Move the First of May.

We'll break the windows, mar the doors,
and ruin everything;
We'll tear the paper off the walls—it's
pretty nearly spring.
We'll make the house present an awful
picture of decay:
It's time to go smashing things—we'll move
the first of May.

We'll dump the ashes in the hall, we'll clog
the water pipes,
We'll paint the ceilings one and all in wild,
fantastic stripes;
We'll break the door knobs, and the house
we'll wholly disarray.
For that's the way the people do who move
the first of May.

The house we leave behind us will be awful
to behold,
A sense of wreck and ruin will the premises
enfold.
No other will awaken such a depth of dark
dismay.
Except it be the house to which we'll move
the first of May.

Chicago Herald.

ABOUT SHEEP AND LAMBS.

A Tennessee Farmer's Opinion—Kill the Dogs and Say Nothing.

We cannot house the lambs and make them stay in out of the rain. If we did we would cause their death, as they prefer the rain and grass to shelter. The way to accommodate and please them all is to have open shelters in their lots so that they can go in and out as fancy leads them. The shelters need not be either fancy or costly and may be constructed of cheap and waste material, so that they are just high enough and broad enough to keep out the rain is all that is necessary.

I differ with the sheep about this mode of living, and I think it would be better for their health to keep out of the rain and keep their wool dry. They prefer to do otherwise, and when I would attempt to enforce my ideas they fall off, become filthy and die off, so I let them have their own way and they keep fat and do well. I keep the open shelter in their run, and I presume, in the case of a northern blizzard, the more sensible would take refuge under the shelter. A wood's lot and a high hill seem to be the favorite resort of the sheep. I suppose if the farmer kept but a small flock for family use (eight or ten) and brought them up about the barn or nights they would soon prefer a shelter, and a few doubtless would thrive and do well.

From my observation they think more of the shelter in summer than in winter as a resort against the fly. I am impressed with the idea that every farmer, renter or otherwise, should keep a few sheep for his own family use at least. With a little trouble he could keep the dogs from them, if not otherwise prepared, by bringing them into or adjoining his yard every night. The farmer should not ignore and give up his sheep because the dogs occasionally kill a few. No use to "cut off the nose to spite the face." Your family need the mutton; they need the wool, and they should have it, dog or no dog. Well, you say, you do not wish to offend your neighbor by killing his dog for killing your sheep. Your neighbor would never care a cent and never say a word about it if you would go along about your own business and say nothing about killing the dog yourself; but, as sure as sunshine, if you go about the neighborhood bragging and talking about killing your neighbor's dogs

and there's foive of 'em, and all sisters.

Mary smilingly laid her hand in Dinny's, and gazed in the merry, frank face before her.

"I'll trust you," she said.
"And ye shan't repent it, me lad, for ye've done no harm, and were never a prisoner. And now, as we are talking I'd like to know what yere brother and number noiney-sivin did to be sint out of the country. It wasn't murder, or they'd have hung 'em, Was it—helping yourselves?"

"My brother and his old friend Bart Wrigley were transported to the plantations for beating and half-killing, they said, the scoundrel who had insulted and ill-used his sister," cried Mary, with flashing eyes and flaming cheeks, as she stood up proudly in the boat, and looked from one to the other.

"Wid a shittick?" said Dinny, rubbing his cheek as he peered eagerly into Mary's face.

"Yes, with sticks."

"And was that all?"

"Yes."

"They transported thim two boys to this baste of a place, and put chains on their legs for giving a spalpeen like that a big bating wid a shittick?"

"Yes," said Mary, smiling in the eager face before her; "that was the reason."

"Holy Moses!" ejaculated Dinny. "For just handling a shittick like that. Think o' that, now! Why, I sent Larry Higgins to the hospital for sivin weeks wance for just such a thing. An' it was a contimplible thim shull he'd got, just like a bad egg, and it cracked directly I felt it wid the shittick. And what did you do?" he added sharply, as he turned to Mary. "Where was your shittick?"

"I struck him with my hand," said Mary, proudly.

"More sorrow to it that it hadn't a shittick in it at the time. Sint ye both out here for a thing like that? Gintlemen, I'm proud of ye. Why didn't ye tell me before?"

He held out his hands, to both, and, intruder as he was, it seemed impossible to resist his frank, friendly way, and the escaped prisoners shook hands with him again.

"And now what are ye going to do?" said Dinny, eagerly.

"We don't know yet," said Abel, rather distantly.

"That's jist me case," said Dinny. "I'm tired of sogering and walking up and down wid a musket kaping guard over a lot of poor devils chained like wild bastes. I tuk the shilling becase I'd been in a skrimmage, and the howld sergeant said there'd be plenty of fighting; and the devil a bit there's been but setting up to shoot prisoners and I didn't want that. Now, ye'll tak me wid ye, only I must get rid of these soger clothes, and—look here, what are ye going to do wid thim chains?"

"Get rid of them," said Abel, "when we can find a file."

"I did not think of a file," said Mary, with a disappointed look.

"There's plenty of strange plants out in these parts," said Dinny, laughing, "but I never see one that grow files. Only there's more ways of killing a cat than hanging him, as the praste said when he minded his own owld brogues wid a glue pot. Come here."

He took off his flannel jacket, folded it, and laid it in the bottom of the boat, but looked up directly.

"Ye've got a bit o' sail," he said, "and there's a nice wind. Where are you going first?"

"Mary looked at her brother, and Abel glanced at Bart.

"Ye haven't look up yer minds," said Dinny, "so look here. About twenty miles out yander to the west there's a bit of an island where the overseer and two officers went one day to shute wid pig and birds, and I went wid 'em. Why not go there till ye make up yer minds? It's a moighty purty place, and ye're not overlooked by the neighbors' cabins, for there's nobody lives there at all, at all, and we can have it our own way."

"Wid pigs there?" said Abel, eagerly.

"Bedad, yis, sor; nice swate bacon running about on four legs all over the place, and fruit on the trees, and fish in the say for the catching. Oh, an' it's a moighty purty little estate."

"And how could we find it?" cried Mary.

"By jist setting a sail, and kaping about four miles from the shore till ye see it lying like a bit o' cloud off to the south. Sure, we could hang our hammocks there before night, and the musket here all ready to shoot a pig."

"Yes," said Mary in response to a glance from her brother.

"Then I'll hoist the sail," said Bart.

"Nay, let the boy do it," said Dinny.

"and you come and sit down here. I'll soon show you a thing as would make the

of bananas." "Hapes," put in Dinny: "and there's a cabbage growing in the heart of ivery one of thim bundles of leaves on top of a shittick as they call palms; but thim's only vegetables, captain, dear, and me shtomach is asking for mate."

"Can we easily shoot a pig—you say there are some?" said Abel.

"And is it asily shoot a pig?" said Dinny.

"Here, give me the musket."

He held out his hand for the piece, and Abel, who bore it, hesitated for a moment or two, and glanced at Jack, who nodded shortly, and the loaded weapon was passed to the Irishman.

"Ye doubted me," he said laughing; "but never mind, it's quite nat'ral. Come along; I won't shoot any of ye unless I'm very hungry and I can't get a pig."

He led the way through an opening in the rough cliff, and they climbed along a narrow ravine for some few hundred yards, the roof of the sea being hushed and the overhanging trees which held on among the rifts of the rocks shutting out the evening light, so that at times it was quite dark. But the rocky barrier was soon passed, and an open natural park spread before them, in a depression of which lay a little lake, whose smooth grassy shores were literally ploughed in every direction with shallow scorings of the soil.

"Look at that, now," said Dinny in a whisper, as he pointed down at some of the more recent turnings of the soft earth. "The purty creatures have all been as busy as Pat Mulcahy's pig which nobody could ring. Whisht! lie down, ye devils," he whispered, setting the example, and crouching behind a piece of rock.

The others hid at once, and a low grunting which had suddenly been heard in the distance increased loudly; and directly after a herd of quite two hundred pigs came tearing down through a narrow opening in the rocky jungle and made straight for the lake.

They were of all sizes, from little plump fellows, half the weight of ordinary porkers, to their seniors the largest of which was not more than half the dimensions of an English pig.

They trotted down to the water-side, where they drank and rolled and wallowed at the edge for a few moments, and then came back in happy unconsciousness of the fate which awaited one of their number, and passing so near the hidden group that Dinny had an easy shot at a well fed specimen which rolled over, the rest dashing off through the trees, squealing as if every one had been injured by the shot.

"We shan't starve here," said Dinny, with a grin of satisfaction, and before many minutes had passed a fire was kindled in a sheltered nook, where the flame was not likely to be seen from the sea, and as soon as it was glowing, pieces of the pig, cut in a manner which would have disgusted a butcher, were frizzling in the embers.

CHAPTER XIV.

They had been a month on the island, leading a dreamy kind of existence, and had begun to sleep of a night deeply and well without starting up half a dozen times bathed in sweat, and believing that the authorities from Plantation Settlement were on their track and about to take them by surprise. The question had been debated over and over again. What were they to do? but Dinny generally had the last word.

"Why, who wants to do anything? Unless a man was in Ireland, where could he be better than he is here, with iverything a man could wish for but some more powder and a wife. Eh? Master Jack, ye handsome young rascal, that's what ye're always thinking about."

"Jack" gave him an angry look, and colored.

"Look at him!" cried Dinny. "There's tell tales." Nivir mind, lad, it's human nature and we're all full of it, and a good thing, too. Now, come and get some cocoa-nuts, for the powder's growing very low and we shall have to take to pig hunting instead of shooting when it's done."

"Jack" hesitated, and then, as if suddenly making up his mind, accompanied the Irishman to the nearest grove where the cocoa palms grew close down to the sea.

Here Dinny rolled up the sleeves of his coarse and ragged shirt, and climbed one tree as a lad does a pole; but the fruit when he reached it was immature, and he threw only one of the great husks down.

"We don't want drink, but mate," said Dinny selecting another tree, and beginning to climb; but the day was hot, there was a languid feeling induced by the moist atmosphere, and Dinny failed three times to reach the glorious green crown of leaves where the nuts nestled, and slid down again, sore in body and in temper.

"A failure, Dinny?" said Jack.

"Failure! yes. Can't ye see it is?" said

me, but I'm sure they wouldn't give me my promotion."

"But we shall starve if we stay here," said Abel, sternly.

"And is it shtarve wid you two such fishermen? Get out wid ye! Let's build a hut before the rainy time comes, and settle down. Here's as foine an estate as a gentleman need wish to have; and some day wane of us 'll go for a holiday to Oireland or Shetland, and persuade four illigant ladies to come wid us and be married; and what more could a boy wish for then, eh, Master Jack? What do you say, Bart?"

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Abel frowned, and seemed disposed to continue the discussion; but everyone else was silent, and he rose slowly, ready enough, from old associations, to obey a command. So the little party walked slowly down toward where the boat lay hidden, ready to row it out to the edge of one of the weed-land reefs, where fish were plentiful; and in spite of the roughness of their hooks and lines a pretty good dish could always be secured.

They had reached the end of the ravine, where the trees and bushes grew thickly, and Jack who was first, was in the act of passing out on to the sands of the little bay, when a great hand seized him by the shoulder, and he was dragged back.

His hand went to his pocket again in the instinct of self defence, for it seemed to be a repetition of Dinny's attack; but, turning sharply he found that it was Bart who had dragged him back among the trees, and stood pointing seaward, where the solution of their difficulty appeared in, as it were, a warning to escape; for at about half a mile from the shore a white-winged cutter was coming rapidly toward the little bay; and as she careened over they could see that she was occupied by at least a dozen men.

"Quick, the boat!" cried Abel, excitedly.

"Are ye mad?" cried Dinny. "They could see us, and would be here before we could get round the point."

"Right," growled Bart.

"Is the cutter from the settlement?" said Dinny, watching the coming vessel.

"She sails like the wind, and, behold, it's wind they've got of where we are, and they've come to fetch us. Now, thin, boys, the devil a bit will I go back, so who's for a fight?"

The sight of the cutter seemed to chase away all discontent with their position, bringing up, as it did, the recollection on the part of one of months of longing to give freedom to brother and friend; on the part of the other three, of long periods of toilsome labor in chains, and of wearisome keeping guard over the wretched convicts, sickening in the tropic sun. The island suddenly assumed the aspect of a paradise, from which they were to be banished forever; and stealing silently back to their little camp, the fugitives hastily did what they could to destroy traces of their presence, and then turned to Abel to ask what next.

"The woods," he said. "We must hide while we can, and when they hunt us to bay we must fight for it."

"No," said Jack, quickly. "They will think we are in the woods, as being the most likely place for us to hide. We should be safer among the rocks on the cliff side, and should be able to watch the cutter as well."

"It's a born gin'ral ye are," said Dinny, enthusiastically.

"Right Abel, lad; Jack's right," growled Bart; and Abel acceded with a nod of his head.

"You are lightest," he said. "Go first, Jack. Steal down by the side of the cliff, and get a good way round."

"No," said Jack, "there is neither time nor need. We must stay where we are, and wait and see which way they go. It will be time then to retreat."

"Hark at him! Sure, and if I wasn't certain that that there's Oirish blood in his veins, I'd say his grandfather was the Duke of Marlbrook."

"Right," growled Bart; and they drew back among the rocks and waited, lying down so as to be well hidden, Jack climbing a little way up the slope above them, and getting into a position which commanded the ravine leading down to the bay.

They had not long to wait before voices were heard coming up from the shore, and soon after the overseer made his appearance, in company with a young officer, both carrying pieces over their shoulders, and followed by six a dozen soldiers in their flannel undies.

They were chatting and smoking, and quite off their guard, taking matters so leisurely that the watcher felt doubtful as to their intentions, and lay trying to catch the bent of their conversation, as they went on to-

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We cannot house the lambs and make them stay in out of the rain. If we did we would cause their death, as they prefer the rain and grass to shelter. The way to accommodate and please them all is to have open shelters in their lots so that they can go in and out as fancy leads them. The shelters need not be either fancy or costly and may be constructed of cheap and waste material, so that they are just high enough and broad enough to keep out the rain is all that is necessary.

I differ with the sheep about this mode of living, and I think it would be better for their health to keep out of the rain and keep their wool dry. They prefer to do otherwise; and when I would attempt to enforce my ideas they fall off, become filthy and die off, so I let them have their own way and they keep fat and do well. I keep the open shelter in their run, and I presume, in the case of a northern blizzard, the more sensible would take refuge under the shelter. A wood's lot and a high hill seem to be the favorite resort of the sheep. Suppose if the farmer kept but a small flock for family use (eight or ten) and brought them up about the barn of nights they would soon prefer a shelter, and a few doubtless would thrive and do well.

From my observation they think more of the shelter in summer than in winter as a resort against the fly. I am impressed with the idea that every farmer, renter or otherwise, should keep a few sheep for his own family use at least. With a little trouble he could keep the dogs from them, if not otherwise prepared, by bringing them into or adjoining his yard every night. The farmer should not ignore and give up his sheep because the dogs occasionally kill a few. No use to "cut off the nose to spite the face." Your family need the mutton; they need the wool, and they should have it, dog or no dog. Well, you say, you do not wish to offend your neighbor by killing his dog for killing your sheep. Your neighbor would never care a cent and never say a word about it if you would go along about your own business and say nothing about killing the dog yourself; but, as sure as sunshine, if you go about the neighborhood bragging and talking about killing your neighbor's dogs you will have the last one of every family, the old folks and young folks, all mad—not that they care so much for the dogs being killed, but for your going around bragging about it. Now, Mr. Farmer of every neighborhood, is this true or not in your neighborhood?—M.

in The Tennessee Farmer.

Take Care of the Colts.

The colts need extra care at this season. Be careful to see that their feet are kept level, and that their toes do not get too long. For days that they cannot exercise with safety, it will be better to reduce their grain ration somewhat, and give them roots instead of oats. Apples are rather scarce and expensive at this time for colt feed, but a few fed occasionally will be highly relished by the youngsters. Potatoes fed raw are an excellent substitute for oats. They are slightly laxative and cooling. A small handful of linseed meal given with the feed while shedding the coat will have an excellent effect. Keep a sharp look-out for lice around the neck and fore shoulders.—The Horse Breeder.

NEW YORK, April 21.—The World's London despatch says: Rumors were prevalent last week that the O'Shea-Parnell case was being settled, but it is stated on good authority that the rumors have no basis. Capt. O'Shea is seen almost any day strutting about the west end dressed more sloppily than ever, with apparently lots of money and invariably alone. Mrs. O'Shea will not consent to a settlement. She is only too glad to get a divorce, no matter on what ground.

He held out his hands to both, and intruder as he was, it seemed impossible to resist his frank, friendly way, and the escaped prisoners shook hands with him again.

"And now what are ye going to do?" said Dinny, eagerly.
"We don't know yet," said Abel, rather distantly.
"That's jist me case," said Dinny. "I'm tired of sogering and walking up and down wid a muskiet kaping guard over a lot of poor devils chained like wild basties. I tuk the shilling becase I'd been in a skrimmage, and the bowld sergeant said there'd be plenty of fighting; and the devil a bit there's been but setting up to shoot prisoners and I didn't want that. Now, ye'll tuk me wid ye, only I must get rid of these soger clothes, and look here, what are ye going to do wid them chains?"
"Get rid of them," said Abel, "when we can find a file."

"I did not think of a file," said Mary, with a disappointed look.

"There's plenty of strange plants out in these parts," said Dinny, laughing, "but I never see one that grow files. Only there's more ways of killing a cat than hanging him, as the praste said when he minded his own owld brogues wid a glue pot. Come here."

He took off his flannel jacket, folded it, and laid it in the bottom of the boat, but looked up directly.

"Ye've got a bit of sail," he said, "and there's a nice wind. Where are ye going first?"

Mary looked at her brother, and Abel glanced at Bart.

"Ye haven't made up yer minds," said Dinny, "so look here. About twenty miles out yander to the west there's a bit of an island where the overseer and two officers went one day to shute wid pig and birds, and I went wid 'em. Why not go there till ye make up yer minds? It's a mighty purty place, and ye're not overlooked by the neighbors' cabins, for there's nobody lives there at all, at all, and we can have it our own way."

"Wild pigs there?" said Abel, eagerly.
"Bedad, yis, sor; nice swate bacon running about on four legs all over the place, and fruit on the trees, and fish in the say for the catching. Oh, an' it's a mighty purty little estate."

"And how could we find it?" cried Mary.
"By jist setting a sail, and kaping about four miles from the shore till ye see it lying like a bit o' cloud off to the south. Sure, we could hang our hammocks there before night, and the muskiet here all ready to shoot a pig."

"Yes," said Mary in response to a glance from her brother.

"Then I'll hoist the sail," said Bart.
"Nay, let the boy do it," said Dinny, "and you come and sit down here. I'll soon show you a thing as would make the sergeant stare."

Dinny drew a large knife from his pocket, and a flint and steel. The latter he returned, and, taking the flint, he laid his open knife on the thwart of the boat, and with the flint jagged the edge of the blade all along into a rough kind of saw.

"There," he said, "that will do. That iron's as soft as cheese."

This last was a slight Hibernian exaggeration; but as Mary hoisted sail, and Abel put out an oar to steer, while the little vessel glided rapidly over the sunlit sea, Dinny began to operate upon the ring round one of Bart's ankles, sawing away steadily, and with such good effect that at the end of an hour he had cut half through, when, by hammering the ring together with the butt of the musket, the half-severed iron gave way, and one leg was free.

"Look at that, now," said Dinny, triumphantly, and with an air of satisfaction that took away the last doubts of his companions.
"Now, thin, up wid that other purty foot!" he cried; and, as the boat glided rapidly toward the west, he sawed away again, with intervals of re-jagging at the knife edge, and soon made a rut in the second ring.

"Keep her a little farther away from the shore, Abel," said Mary, in a warning tone as the boat sped westward.

"Ye needn't mind," said Dinny, "sawing away: the inhabitants all along here are a mighty decent sort of folk, and won't tell where we're gone. They're not handt some, and they've got into a habit o' wearing little tails wid a mighty convenient-crook in 'em to take howld of a tree."

"Monkeys?" said Mary, eagerly.

"Master Jack, monkeys; and then there's the shuiling crocky-dills, and a few shrikes like ships' masts, and some spotted cats. There's nobody else lives here for hundreds o' miles."

"Then you are safe, Abel," said Mary, with the tears standing in her eyes.

They were of an sizes, from six to seven feet, half the weight of ordinary porkers, to their seniors the largest of which was not more than half the dimensions of an English pig.

They trotted down to the water-side, where they drank and rolled and wallowed at the edge for a few moments, and then came back in happy unconsciousness of the fate which awaited one of their number, and passing so near the hidden group that Dinny had an easy shot at a well fed specimen which rolled over, the rest dashing off through the trees, squaking as if every one had been injured by the shot.

"We shan't starve here," said Dinny, with a grin of satisfaction, and before many minutes had passed a fire, was kindled in a sheltered nook, where the flame was not likely to be seen from the sea, and as soon as it was glowing, pieces of the pig, cut in a manner which would have disgusted a butcher, were frizzling in the embers.

CHAPTER XIV.

They had been a month on the island, leading a dreamy kind of existence, and had begun to sleep of a night deeply and well without starting up half a dozen times bathed in sweat, and believing that the authorities from Plantation Settlement were on their track and about to take them by surprise. The question had been debated over and over again. What were they to do? but Dinny generally had the best word.

"Why, who wants to do anything? Unless a man was in Ireland, where could he be better than he is here, with everything a man could wish for but some more powder and a wife. Eh? Master Jack, ye hand—some young rascal, that's what ye're always thinking about."

"Jack" gave him an angry look, and colored.

"Look at him!" cried Dinny. "There's tell-tales. Nivir mind, lad, it's human nature and we're all full of it, and a good thing, too. Now, come and get some cocoa-nuts, for the powder's growing very low and we shall have to take to pig hunting instead of shooting when it's done."

"Jack" hesitated, and then, as if suddenly making up his mind, accompanied the Irishman to the nearest grove where the cocoa palms grew close down to the sea.

Here Dinny rolled up the sleeves of his coarse and ragged shirt, and climbed once tree as a lad does a pole; but the fruit when he reached it was immature, and he threw only one of the great husks down.

"We don't want drink, but mate," said Dinny selecting another tree, and beginning to climb; but the day was hot, there was a languid feeling induced by the moist atmosphere, and Dinny failed three times to reach the glorious green crown of leaves where the nuts nestled, and slid down again, sore in body and in temper.

"A failure, Dinny?" said Jack.

"Failure! yes. Can't ye see it is?" said the Irishman sourly, as he bent down and softly rubbed the inner sides of his knees.

"Here, I'm not going to do all the climbing. You have a turn."

"Jack" shook his head.

"No skulking!" cried Dinny; "fair play—a jool, me lad, so up you go. Ye're young and cleverer wid yer arms and legs than I am. Why, ye ought to go up that tree like a monkey!"

"Jack" shook his head and frowned.

"No," he said, "I'm no climber. Let's go back."

"Without a nut, and ready to be laughed at? Not I, me lad. Now, then, I shall have to take ye in hand and mak a man of ye. Up wid ye."

He caught the youth by the arm, and drew him, half-resisting, toward the tree.

"No, no, Dinny. Nonsense! I could not climb the tree."

"Bedad, and ye've got to climb it!" cried Dinny. "Now, thin, take howld tightlly, and up you go."

"Loose my arm," said Jack, speaking in a low voice, full of suppressed anger.

"Divil a bit. Ye've got to climb that tree."

"Loose my arm, Dinny," said Jack again.

"Ye've got to climb that tree, I tell ye, boy. Now, thin, no skulking. Up wid ye."

"Jack" hung back, with the color deepening in his cheeks, and a dark look in his eyes, which Dinny could not interpret; and, half in anger at the boy's opposition, half in playful determination, he grasped the youth firmly, and forced him toward the tree.

In an instant Jack flung himself round, with his eyes flashing, and before the Irishman could realize what was coming he went staggering back from the fierce blow he received in his chest, caught his heels against the husk of an overgrown nut, and came down heavily on the sand.

Dinny was an Irishman, and he had re-

was occupied by at least a dozen men.
"Quick, the boat!" cried Abel, excitedly.
"Are ye mad!" cried Dinny. "They could see us, and would be here before we could get round the point."
"Right," growled Bart.
"It's the cutter from the settlement," said Dinny, watching the coming vessel.
"She sails like the wind, and, bedad, it's wind they've got of where we are, and they've come to fetch us. Now, thin, boys, the devil a bit will I go back, so who's for a fight?"

The sight of the cutter seemed to chase away all discontent with their position, bringing up, as it did, the recollection on the part of one of months of longing to give freedom to brother and friend; on the part of the other three, of long periods of toilsome labor in chains, and of wearisome keeping guard over the wretched convicts, sickening in the tropic sun. The island suddenly assumed the aspect of a paradise, from which they were to be banished forever; and, stealing silently back to their little camp, the fugitives hotly did what they could to destroy traces of their presence, and then turned to Abel to ask what next.

"The woods," he said. "We must hide while we can, and when they hunt us to bay we must fight for it."

"No," said Jack, quickly. "They will think we are in the woods, as being the most likely place for us to hide. We should be safer among the rocks on the cliff side, and should be able to watch the cutter as well."

"It's a born gin'ral ye are," said Dinny, enthusiastically.

"Right Abel, lad: Jack's right," growled Bart; and Abel acceded with a nod of his head.

"You are lightest," he said. "Go first, Jack. Steal down by the side of the cliff, and get a good way round."

"No," said Jack, "there is neither time nor need. We must stay where we are, and wait and see which way they go. It will be time then to retreat."

"Hark at him! Sure, and if I wasn't certain that there's Irish blood in his veins, I'd say his grandfather was the Duke of Marlbrook."

"Right," growled Bart; and they drew back among the rocks and waited, lying down so as to be well hidden, Jack climbing a little way up the slope above them, and getting into a position which commanded the ravine leading down to the bay.

They had not long to wait before voices were heard coming up from the shore, and soon after the overseer made his appearance, in company with a young officer, both carrying pieces over their shoulders, and followed by half a dozen soldiers in their flannel uniforms.

They were chatting and smoking, and quite off their guard, taking matters so leisurely that the watchful distrustful as to their intentions, and lay trying to catch the bent of their conversation, as they went on toward the interior of the little island, their voices dying out in the distance, before he attempted to stir.

When he drew himself slowly back and crept through the bushes till he rejoined his companions, every mouth parted to ask for news; and anxiety, mingled with the stern determination painted in their faces, told of the stubborn resistance that their pursuers might expect before they had achieved their ends.

"They have gone right on into the woody part."

"Yes, the gin'ral's right," said Dinny. "But I have my doubts of their intentions," said Jack.

"And so have I—big doubts," said Dinny; "so I won't thrust them."

"I don't think they've come in search of you," continued Jack.

"Not come in search of us?" said Abel, excitedly.

A shot rang out from the distance, followed immediately by another.

"That proves it," said Jack. "It is a shooting party."

"Av course it is," cried Dinny, laughing. "I could have told ye that, only I didn't think of it. It's the pigs they're after, and they're making free wid our flocks and herds."

"What a relief!" said Abel, wiping the sweat from his brow. "What shall we do next?"

"Keep in hiding; but I'll climb up till I can see their cutter. It may be near our boat."

"A born gin'ral," said Dinny, giving his head a roll and gazing approvingly at Jack. "There'll be two or three left in charge of their boat, and—what would you do next?"

Jack held up his hand, and softly retraced his course up the steep slope; and they could trace him from time to time by the waving of the leaves, but he went so cau-

sciously that he was not seen once; and while they kept their eyes fixed upon one spot the bushes and leaves were seen to rustle softly some distance higher up.

Then they saw no more, but lay listening to the distant shouts and firing which reached their ears again and again, till, to the surprise of all three, Jack suddenly came upon them from behind.

"Well!" said Abel, eagerly. Jack could not speak for a few moments, being breathless from exertion.

"Three men left with the cutter and they are ashore, lying upon the sands."

"Abel," said Jack, after a long thoughtfulness, "we shall never be safe here with these people coming from time to time."

"No; that settles our plans. We must take the boat and go."

"Why not take our enemy's vessel? We could sail where we liked then."

"Didn't I say he was a born gir'ral!" cried Dinny, enthusiastically.

"Take their boat!" said Abel.

"They're three men, and we're three," said Bart, in a low growl.

"Four!" cried Dinny, excitedly. "Ye never see how Masther Jack can fight."

"Hush!" said the latter, sternly. "The men are lying about half asleep. If we waited, we might get on board, cut the anchor rope, and drift out with the tide perhaps without rousing them."

"And if it came to the worst we could fight," said Abel.

"Are ye ready?" whispered Dinny. "See that your piece is well primed. My shick's loaded, and I'm ready to fire it off."

"Hush!" said Jack, sternly. "I will climb up to where I can watch the men, and if they go to sleep I will wave a branch. Then creep up to me, and we may succeed without trouble."

The proposal was agreed to at once, and a long, tedious time of waiting ensued, at the end of which Bart bared his arm.

"We're strong enough for 'em," he whispered. "Let's go at once and fight it out."

At that moment, high above their heads, a branch was seen waving just as a shot rang out at no great distance, shouts were heard, and the grunting of a herd of the wild pigs rose from the wooded part on their left.

"Too late!" whispered Abel.

"Right!" growled Bart.

"Then we'll fight for it," whispered Dinny. "Bedad, I believe they'll run as soon as they find us here, and small blame to 'em."

CHAPTER XV.

The excitement seemed to bring Jack more and more to the front, and those who followed read in his actions why it was that he had been successful in freeing them from their pursuers at the time of the escape.

For, active as a goat, he crept from rock to rock, lowering himself down here, dropping there, and having from time to time to wait to give the rest an opportunity for keeping up. And all the while the parts of cliff side that were the most wooded, and which offered the best shelter, were selected, and discovery by the sleeping men avoided.

It was an arduous task; but the guide was equal to the emergency, and continuously and silently proceeding succeeded, at length in dropping down to the sandy shore about fifty yards from where the men lay apparently asleep and sheltered by a huge mass of weed-grown stone, while the cutter swung by its anchor a hundred yards further on beyond the sailors, and she rose and fell easily as the slight tide ran softly down. Jack grasped the situation clearly, and felt how little time there was to lose. At any moment the heads of the hunting party might appear as they came down the ravine to the bay, while, supposing these to be really asleep, the first shout would bring them to their feet, and then all chance of escape would be gone.

The men had laid down close up under the cliff so as to be sheltered from the sun and from an instinctive desire to be beyond the reach of any venturesome wave, so that to reach the cutter the fugitives would have to pass her guardians between them and the sea.

This brought the escaping party nearer to the cutter, but placed them full in the view of those who might be coming down the ravine at the head of the bay, and also shut them off from shelter and concealment should an emergency arise.

Jack had played so prominent a part hitherto that the eyes of all were directed to him for further instructions, and for a moment he hesitated a nod pointed to Abel.

"No," whispered the latter, "you have

NUTS TO CRACK!

CHEAPSIDE'S :-: BARGAINS

WE HAVE JUST PASSED INTO STOCK A SPECIAL PURCHASE OF A LARGE LOT OF

Dress Goods at 60 cts on the \$,

AND OFFER TO-DAY, WITHOUT THE SHADOW OF A DOUBT, THE CHEAPEST RANGE OF DRESS GOODS IN THE CENTRAL DISTRICT.

We Will Sell a beautiful knot costume cloth worth 30c for 20c; Floral Beiges worth 12½c for 8c; all-wool self-stripe goods worth 30c for 20c; mixed costume cloth worth 20c for 15c; ALL-WOOL de Beiges worth 20c for 12½; beautiful all-wool checked Beiges worth 50c for 35c; Broche Brilliantine worth 18c for 10c. The above are all the in the new latest shades—new goods; but bought much under their regular value.

We have also got hold of SOME RARE BARGAINS IN COTTON GOODS, and are able to sell you a regular 12½ cent Chambray for 8 cents. 15 cent, wide fine quality checked Gingham for 10 cents. 10 cent Gingham for 6½ cents. Fast-colour checked Shirting for 5 cents. 30 yards of fair quality Cotton for \$1. 12 cent Print for 8 cents. Our 7 cent Cotton is the same as others are charging 9 for. Looms at 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 cents that cannot be equalled anywhere.

You must see our fine range of Dress Goods and Silks.

You must for your own sake see our grand unequalled range of Prints, Satens, Chambrays, new Mantle and Jacket Goods with buttons and trimmings, and our special purchase of Tweeds, out of which we can sell you a splendid heavy all-wool goods, worth 75 to 80 cents, for 50 cents.

We know of no store in the Country where there are more genuine bargains grouped together for your choosing.

Our Millinery Department presents as usual the choicest, best, tastiest, selections of the Season, and is being added to every day. We are more busy on orders than ever before but with a larger staff than ever before we hope to get out orders nearly on time.

Mrs. Clapp is very busy on dresses and mantles as usual.

Mr. Fox is turning out his usual good fits to our patrons.

CHEAPSIDE does its best to earn your patronage and keep it. Come and see us this Spring.

HINCH & COMPANY,

LEADERS IN GENERAL DRY GOODS, MILLINERY and FURS

"Will you surrender?" roared the sailor, as another shout came from the ravine.

"Surrender yourselves," cried Bart, fiercely. "Lay down their guns."

"Surrender, or we fire," cried the sailor again, as the two men slowly backed toward the boat, watchful of a rush being made.

Bart uttered a low, defiant growl, and the bamboo he held quivered in his knotted hands.

"All together, then, mates," shouted the sailor. "Fire!"

Jack uttered a groan as he stood knee-deep in water, running the boat as near as it could be got to his friends, and a mist swam before his eyes.

Click—click—click!—and as many tiny showers of sparks were struck in the pans of the pieces.

"Why, you stupid lubbers, you didn't load!" roared the sailor. "Now, then, pound arms—load!"

A shout of derision arose from Abel and Bart, and the former took up the tone of menace now.

"Throw down your muskets, or I fire," he cried.

"Pr'aps you're not loaded neither, mate," cried the sailor, laughing. "Now, lads, Bagnets' charge!"

His companions hesitated for a moment, and then, lowering their pieces, they made a rush for those who barred their way to the

Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec Railway.

EMPLOYEES TIME TABLE.

Eastern Standard Time.

No. 2.

Taking effect Jan. 13/90

Tweed to Kingston.				Kingston to Tweed.			
Stations.	No. 12.	No. 11.		Stations.	No. 11.	No. 12.	
	A.M.	P.M.			A.M.	P.M.	
Tweed leave	6:30	1:30		Kingston leave	1:21	1:55	
Storv	6:40	1:40		G. T. R. Junction	1:55	1:55	
Earl	6:50	1:50		Glenvale	2:00	2:00	
Malabarck	7:10	2:10		Mutvale	2:05	2:05	
Grimsby	7:25	2:25		Harrowsmith arrive	2:05	2:05	
Tamworth	7:35	2:35		Harrowsmith leave	2:10	2:10	
Wilson	7:55	2:55		Frontenac	2:10	2:10	
Enterprise	7:55	2:40		Yarker arrive	2:20	2:20	
Malabarck Bridge	8:10	2:50		Yarker leave	2:20	2:25	
Moscow	8:15	2:50		Glenora	2:30	2:30	
Galbraith	8:25	3:00		Moscow	2:30	6:10	
Yarker arrive	8:25	3:00		Mad Lake Bridge	2:40	6:25	
Yarker leave	8:30	3:00		Enterprise	2:40	6:25	
Frontenac	8:30	3:10		Wilson	2:55	6:41	
Harrowsmith arrive	8:40	3:15		Tamworth	3:10	7:00	
Harrowsmith leave	8:40	3:15		Grimsby	3:10	7:00	
Mutvale	9:00	3:25		Malabarck	3:20	7:15	
Glenvale	9:10	3:30		Larkins	3:30	7:30	
G. T. R. Junction	9:20	3:50		Nico	3:40	7:45	
Kingston arrive	9:40	4:00		Tweed arrive	4:50	8:00	

Tweed to Napanee.				Napanee to Tweed.			
Stations.	No. 2.	No. 1.	No. 3.	Stations.	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 2.
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Harrowsmith leave	Napanee leave	9:25	12:00	5:00
Frontenac	Napanee Mills	7:40	12:15	5:15
Yarker arrive	Newburgh	7:45	12:22	6:23
Yarker leave	8:25	3:40	6:00	Thomson's Mills	7:55
Camden East	8:40	3:13	6:15	Camden East	8:10	12:30	6:30
.....	8:15	12:45	6:45

felt easily as the slight rise in the water.

Jack grasped the situation clearly, and felt how little time there was to lose. At any moment the heads of the hunting party might appear as they came down the ravine to the bay, while, supposing these to be really asleep, the first shout would bring them to their feet, and then all chance of escape would be gone.

The men had laid down close up under the cliff so as to be sheltered from the sun and from an instinctive desire to be beyond the reach of any venturesome wave, so that to reach the cutter the fugitives would have to pass her guardians between them and the sea.

This brought the escaping party nearer to the cutter, but placed them full in the view of those who might be coming down the ravine at the head of the bay, and also shut them off from shelter and concealment should an emergency arise.

Jack had played so prominent a part hitherto that the eyes of all were directed to him for further instructions, and for a moment he hesitated a bit pointed to Abel.

"No," whispered the latter, "you have done so well; go on."

Jack hesitated for a moment or two more, and then said in a low voice—

"All follow quickly and go to the far side of the bay, seize the boat, and we are safe."

"But there is no boat," said Bart.

Jack pointed to a mass of rock, some fifty yards away, where a few inches of the stern of a boat were visible, but which had not been seen by the others.

"Lead on," said Abel, abruptly; "and if the men wake up Bart and I will tackle them while you and Dinny here get into the boat and row out. We'll swim to you, and you can take us in."

"And I've think I'm going to run away like that," whispered Dinny. "I'll stay."

"Dinny," whispered Jack, fiercely.

"Ah, well, I forgot I was a soldier, my lad. I'll obey orders."

Whereupon Abel examined the priming of his musket, and Bart tried the bayonet at the end of the bamboo shaft to see if it was firm, while Dinny whispered—

"How'd her tigh to yer shoulther, lad, when yer fire, for shes a devil to kick."

Jack gave a glance round once more, and then, holding up a hand to command silence, he listened, but all was still save the lapping of the waves as the tide retired and then returned.

His next proceeding was to steal out to where he could get a good look at the three sailors left in charge.

One lay on his breast, with his arms folded and his brow resting upon them. The second lay upon his back, with his hands beneath him, and his cap tilted over his eyes. The third was upon his side with his back to them, and all apparently fast asleep, for neither stirred.

Jack would have gladly waited till dark; but to have done this might have meant losing their means of escape, for they were not certain that the party would stay all night.

So, feeling this, and that their only chance lay in a bold attempt, he glanced back once, and after seeing that his companions were quite ready to follow, he stepped out quietly on to the yielding sand and made for the spot where the small boat lay.

To reach this boat the party had to pass within some fifty feet or so of the sleepers, and the crucial moment would be when they had passed within the keel of the man lying upon his side with his back to them. Even if the others were awake it would be possible to pass them unseen; but it was otherwise with the third man, whose position would enable him to see whoever crossed the sands of the little bay, while, for aught they knew, he might be a faithful guardian, keeping strict watch over both boat and cutter while his companions slept.

Jack walked softly on, the men deadening his tread, so that he was soon abreast of the guardians of the boat, and another five minutes would suffice for him and his party to reach the boat and push her off, when, armed as they were, they could have laughed at pursuit.

Another few yards and no one stirred, Jack gazed over his left shoulder at the dangerous reclining figure, but its position remained unchanged.

Another few yards and still there was no sign, nor likely to be, for there could be no doubt of the fact—the man was fast asleep, and the agitation and anxiety of the fugitives was apparently wasted.

Jack glanced back to see that his companions were following in Indian file, walking upon the tips of their feet, and casting glances from time to time at the spot from which danger would arise.

Another dozen yards and the leader of the little party felt safe, when a sharp report came from the ravine above, the shot echoing and reverberating along the sides of the cliffs till it sounded like a peal of thunder, which drowned the shout that followed—a shout meant as a warning to the guardians

the boat, watchful of a rush being made.

Bart uttered a low, defiant growl, and the bamboo he held quivered in his knotted hands.

"All together, then, mates," shouted the sailor—"fire!"

Jack uttered a groan as he stood knee-deep in water, running the boat as near as it could be got to his friends, and a mist swam before his eyes.

Click—click—click!—and as many tiny showers of sparks were struck in the pans of the pieces.

"Why, you stupid lubbers, you didn't load!" roared the sailor. "Now, then, ground arms—load!"

A shout of derision arose from Abel and Bart, and the former took up the tone of menace now.

"Throw down your muskets, or I fire," he cried.

"Praps you're not loaded neither, mate," cried the sailor, laughing. "Now, lads, bayonets—charge."

His companions hesitated for a moment, and then, lowering their pieces, they made a rush for those who barred their way to the boat.

"Bang!"

One sharp report. The right-hand sailor spun round, dropped his musket, stooped down and seized his leg beneath the knee, and dropped into a sitting position upon the sand.

"Hurt, mate?" cried the first sailor, halting.

"Leg," was the laconic reply.

"Never mind," cried the first sailor. "Come on, mate."

He lowered his piece again, and the two rushed upon Bart and Abel, as brave as lions now in the excitement.

These two had taken advantage of the man being wounded to back rapidly toward the boat, lying in the shallow water; but the sand was heavy, and they had to face the enemy all the time. For the latter came at them with stubborn determination, reached them while they were a good twenty yards from the water, and a fierce fight ensued.

It was as brief as it was hot and determined, for, after a few moments' fencing, the second sailor delivered a deadly thrust at Abel; while the principal man, a sturdy, tall fellow, crossed weapons with Bart, whose slight bamboo lance was a feeble defence against the bayonet at the end of the musket. Moreover, the fugitives were fighting with the disadvantage of being seen now by the well-armed party returning from the hunt. These had received warning that something was wrong by hearing the shot, and were now running rapidly down toward the sandy shore.

"Now," said the second sailor, presenting his piece, which was opposed to one minus the bayonet blade—"now I have you, Surrender!"

For answer, Abel stepped back, clubbed his weapon, swung it round, and brought it down with such violence that the butt struck the other musket full upon the stock, and dashed it from its holder's hand.

Before Abel could get another blow round, the man had dashed in, closed with him, and, to Jack's agony, capture seemed certain.

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(To be continued).

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Twined to Kingston.			
Stations.	No. 12.	No. 14.	
	A.M.	P.M.	
Twined leave	6:30	1:30	
Stoc	6:40	1:40	
York	6:50	1:50	
Madison	7:10	2:10	
Brinsville	7:25	2:15	
Tamworth	7:50	2:25	
Wilson	8:00	2:30	
Enterprise	8:10	2:40	
Mudlake Bridge	8:20	2:50	
Yarke	8:30	3:00	
Frontenac	8:40	3:10	
Harrowsmith	8:50	3:15	
Harrowsmith leave	8:50	3:15	
Murvale	9:00	3:25	
Glouce	9:10	3:30	
G. T. R. Junction	9:20	3:40	
Kingston arrive	9:40	4:00	

Twined to Nanapsee.			
Stations.	No. 2.	No. 1.	No. 6.
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Harrowsmith leave	8:25	3:40	6:00
Frontenac	8:40	3:55	6:15
Yarke arrive	8:50	4:05	6:25
Yarke leave	8:55	4:10	6:30
Camden East	9:00	4:15	6:35
Thomson's Mills	9:10	4:25	6:45
Newburgh	9:20	4:35	6:55
Nanapsee arrive	9:30	4:45	7:05

Kingston to Twined.			
Stations.	No. 11.	No. 1.	
	A.M.	P.M.	
Kingston leave	1:21	4:45	
G. T. R. Junction	1:25	4:50	
Glouce	1:35	5:00	
Murvale	1:45	5:10	
Harrowsmith arrive	2:15	5:30	
Harrowsmith leave	2:20	5:35	
Frontenac	2:30	5:45	
Yarke arrive	2:35	5:50	
Yarke leave	2:40	5:55	
Glouce	2:50	6:05	
Moscow	2:55	6:10	
Mudlake Bridge	3:05	6:20	
Enterprise	3:15	6:30	
Wilson	3:25	6:40	
Tamworth	3:35	6:50	
Brinsville	3:45	7:00	
Mailbank	3:50	7:15	
Jarvis	3:55	7:20	
Stoc	4:00	7:25	
Twined arrive	4:10	7:35	

Nanapsee to Twined.			
Stations.	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 5.
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Nanapsee leave	9:25	12:00	5:00
Nanapsee Mills	9:40	12:15	5:15
Newburgh	9:55	12:30	5:30
Thomson's Mills	10:10	12:45	5:45
Camden East	10:25	13:00	6:00
Yarke arrive	10:40	13:15	6:15
Yarke leave	10:50	13:25	6:25
Frontenac	11:05	13:40	6:40
Harrowsmith arrive	11:15	13:50	6:50

(Trains stop on signals. CONNECTIONS—At Nanapsee with Grand Trunk Railway East and West. At Twined with Canadian Pacific Railway, East and West and also West North. At Harrowsmith with Kingston & Pembroke Railway for points North. At Kingston with Grand Trunk Railway. Stage connections—Camden East for Centreville and De Mont; Yarker for Etsworth, Tamworth for Arden, tri-weekly, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

This time table shows the times at which the train may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several stations, but as the punctuality of trains depends on connection with other lines, the arrivals and departures at the time stated are not guaranteed, nor does the C. & P. hold itself responsible for delay or inconvenience arising therefrom.

R. C. CARTER, H. B. SHERWOOD, K. W. HATHBUN,
Assistant Gen. Manager. Supt. and Gen. Pass. Agent. Gen. Manager.

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KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

RUBBING MATERIAL

"And I've think I'm going to run away like that," whispered Dinny. "I'll stay."

"Dinny," whispered Jack, fiercely.

"Ah, well, I forgot. I was a soldier, my lad. I'll obey orders."

Whereupon Abel examined the priming of his musket, and Bart tried the bayonet at the end of the bamboo shaft to see if it was firm, while Dinny whispered:

"How'd her tigh to yer shoulther, lad, when ye fire, for she's a devil to kick."

Jack gave a glance round once more, and then, holding up a hand to command silence, he listened, but all was still save the lapping of the waves as the tide retired and then returned.

His next proceeding was to stand out to where he could get a good look at the three sailors left in charge.

One lay on his breast, with his arms folded and his brow resting upon them. The second lay upon his back, with his hands beneath him, and his cap tilted over his eyes. The third was upon his side with his back to them, and all apparently fast asleep, for neither stirred.

Jack would have gladly waited till dark; but to have done this might have meant losing their means of escape, for they were not certain that the party would stay all night.

No, feeling this, and that their only chance lay in a bold attempt, he glanced back once, and after seeing that his companions were quite ready to follow, he stepped out quietly on to the yielding sand and made for the spot where the small boat lay.

To reach this boat the party had to pass within some fifty feet or so of the sleepers, and the crucial moment would be when they had passed within ken of the man lying upon his side with his back to them. Even if the others were awake it would be possible to pass them unseen; but it was otherwise with the third man, whose position would enable him to see whoever crossed the sands of the little bay, while, for aught they knew, he might be a faithful guardian, keeping strict watch over both boat and cutter while his companions slept.

Jack walked softly on, the sand deadening his tread, so that he was soon abreast of the guardians of the boat, and another five minutes would suffice for him and his party to reach the boat and push her off, when, armed as they were, they could have laughed at pursuit.

Another few yards and no one stirred, Jack gazed over his left shoulder at the dangerous reclining figure, but its position remained unchanged.

Another few yards and still there was no sign, nor likely to be, for there could be no doubt of the fact—the man was fast asleep, and the agitation and anxiety of the fugitives was apparently wasted.

Jack glanced back to see that his companions were following in Indian file, walking upon the tips of their feet, and casting glances from time to time at the spot from which danger would arise.

Another dozen yards and the leader of the little party felt safe, when a sharp report came from the ravine above, the shot echoing and reverberating along the sides of the cliffs till it sounded like a peal of thunder, which drowned the shout that followed—a shout meant as a warning to the guardians of the boat that their party was close at hand.

The man lying upon his side sprang to his feet, and the other two woke up, to stare stupidly about them before they realised the state of affairs, and that their companion had seized his musket from where it lay with those of his fellows as first the foot of the cliff which towered above their heads; for, in accordance with their plans, Jack and Dinny had run on and seized the boat, while Abel and Bart had faced it and with their weapons ready, retreating slowly toward the sea.

For a few moments no word was spoken, and then it was the first of the three sailors who realised their position.

"It's cat or a bullet in us, mates," he cried, desperately. "I say a bullet; so come on."

The other two were Englishmen like himself, and evidently entered into their comrade's preference for a chance bullet or a stab to being tried by court-martial and sentenced to a flogging, so they also snatched up their muskets and bolts, hastily throwing the latter over their shoulders, and, taught by training, brought the pieces to bear, shouting to the prisoners to surrender.

"Give up, you lubber s!" cried the first sailor. "It's of no good."

For answer Abel glanced over his shoulder, and seeing that Jack and Dinny had reached the boat, slowly continued the retreat.

He lowered his piece again, and the two rushed upon Bart and Abel, as brave as lions now in the excitement.

These two had taken advantage of the man being wounded to back rapidly toward the boat, lying in the shallow water; but the sand was heavy, and they had to face the enemy all the time. For the latter came at them with stubborn determination, reached them while they were a good twenty yards from the water, and a fierce fight ensued.

It was as brief as it was hot and determined, for, after a few moments' fencing, the second sailor delivered a deadly thrust at Abel; while the principal man, a sturdy, tall fellow, crossed weapons with Bart, whose slight bamboo lance was a feeble defence against the bayonet at the end of the musket. Moreover, the fugitives were fighting with the disadvantage of being seen now by the well-armed party returning from the hunt. These had received warning that something was wrong by hearing the shot, and were now running rapidly down toward the sandy shore.

"Now," said the second sailor, presenting his piece, which was opposed to one minus the bayonet blade—"now I have you. Surrender!"

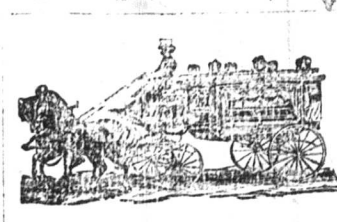
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(To be continued).

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tomers. It is better than ever. Every
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and Field SEEDS should send for it.
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which we are prepared to sell 25 per cent. cheaper than any house in the county. We use the best floridizer, thus obviating all unpleasant odors. Embalming a Specialty. Having purchased one of the Honesome Hearse at the Toronto exhibition we are prepared to attend personally funerals in the most satisfactory manner. The public will do well to call and examine our stock, and be convinced that ours is the place to buy.

We have also added a full line of the newest things in Wall Paper, Ceiling Decorations, Window Shades and Pictures Raising, Prints and Oil Paint Mixed. Persons wanting anything in this line will do well to call on us before purchasing elsewhere. Remember the place, Centre-street one block south of Main.

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The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

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OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.,
CUTLER DAY AND TROTTER BRED HORSES,
ELMWOOD, ILL., NOV. 20, 1888.

DE. R. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sir: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly,
CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 8, 1888.

DE. R. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sir: I desire to give you testimonial of my opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly,
A. H. GILBERT,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
SANT WISTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DE. R. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had Spavins, ten of King Horses, nine afflicted with Big Head and seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly,
ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietor. DE. R. J. KENDALL CO., Elmwood Falls, VT.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Lumber, Shingles Lath,
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BUILDING MATERIAL
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For Foundry, Smithing and Domestic purposes.
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CENTRE-STREET.

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NEW STOCK OF
Wall Paper
just received. Also new Spring Goods now coming in almost daily.
I. J. LOCKWOOD
Corner Brisco House Block.

ROBINSON & CO'S COLUMN.

MILLINERY.

Fashion, Beauty and Economy are the main features in our display of Millinery this season. Miss SMITH has established her reputation as a first-class artist more firmly than ever. Our stock of Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Feathers and Plumes is perfect in every detail. No lady can leave our establishment dissatisfied with the style, the variety or the values. Our prices are not the exorbitant prices that other houses charge for Millinery Goods. Our Millinery Goods are all marked at the regular dry goods percentage.

DRESS GOODS.

Our stock of Dress Goods is this season better assorted than ever before. We have every shade and every material that can please the eye of the most fastidious. Most of the patterns are confined to ourselves and cannot be procured from other houses. From 8 and 10 cents per yard all the way up you will find the values right. Our 25c. Dress Goods cannot be bought anywhere else under 25c. We are the Leading Dry Goods House of Napanee.

STAPLE DEPARTMENT.

In spite of the general depression in trade and hard times, our sales in this department are considerably in excess of last year. A look at our Cottons at 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 cents per yard and the reason is explained. Ladies are not slow to discover where they buy the cheap Cottons. Our 10c Steamloom is equal to what you pay 12 1/2c for at other stores. Our Shirtings are 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 1/2 and 13 cents, and our Cottonades at 12 1/2, 15, 17, 18, 20, 22 and 25 cents per yard are all in the same category, and distinguished by the one leading feature—good value. Towels, Table Linens, Table Napkins, Tickings, Striped Hessian Bed Spreads, Table Covers, Cotton Yarns and Cotton Warps are here in every design and price.

PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS.

Early in the season is the time to buy Parasols. First purchases are always the best, and you always have the largest assortment to choose from. Our importing order for these goods was placed at the most advantageous time, and we feel proud of our stock. Our Umbrellas commence at 50 cents each for a large, durable article. Where can you equal it?

HATS. HATS.

Our Hats for Men and Boys, which are all our own importations and the styles confined to ourselves, are selling very rapidly. These goods are manufactured by Sutton & Torkington, of London, Eng., and are the best goods on the English market to-day. We commence our Soft Felt Hats at 50 cents each, and our Hard Felt Hats at \$1 each. Buy your Hats from us.

BOYS' SUITS.

Have you ever bought our stylish little suits for your boys? If not, don't let the season pass without doing so. These goods are something to be proud of. They fit perfectly any boy from 5 years of age up. We commence them at \$1.75 per suit.

Robinson & Co.,

(Successors to Downey & Co.)

ST. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH.—Rev. A. Jarvis, the new rector will conduct the services in this church on Sabbath.

MALITIA NOTES.—A meeting of No. 6 company, 47th Battalion, is called to be held in the council chamber on Wednesday evening next at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of making preparations to attend camp. All who wish to enlist are asked to attend, as well as all present members. By order of the captain.

REFORM MEETING.—A meeting of the Reformers of Camden will be held in Kennedy's Hotel, Centreville, on April 26th at 7.30 p.m. for the purpose of organizing the association and electing delegates to the nominating committee to select a candidate for the Local Legislature. A large attendance is asked for.

JUST SO.—As predicted in last week's EXPRESS, the soup boiled over at the town council on Monday night last. The language used by some of the members was almost strong enough to stand alone. If it had not been brought up on milk and water probably it would have been possessed of enough force to have had the necessary effect. We are sorry to see our town fathers let their passions rise, and indulge in such inuendous as were used on Monday night.

A FRAUD.—On Saturday last an individual arrived in town and procured a license for the purpose of vening soap and razor paste. At noon he established his business on the corner of Dundas and John street and proceeded to business. His modus operandi was to offer a box of razor paste and a cake of soap for \$1. The purchaser was given a rod with a hook in the end; this was hung around a tin dish in which were several compartments, and in some of these were bills of different value ranging from \$1 to \$50. Into whatever compartment the hook was hung entitled the one who placed it there to the contents of the compartment. It often happened that each was a blank, of course he had his pals who received large sums. He closed his business early in the afternoon under the influence of constable Storms who made him hand over some of the money.

FACTS ABOUT FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY.—In order to obtain the best value in buying fruit the purchaser must combine freshness with the best quality. There are as many prices for fruit as there are qualities and fruit is the same as other commercial commodities in point of value, and in order to get the best goods, you have got to pay for them. You can't compare the prices at two different shops, for there may be as broad a chasm between the quality as there is between the price. Invariably, when you want the very choicest of oranges, lemons, bananas, pine apples or any other seasonable fruit, ask for the very best and satisfy your mind that the difference in quality by far overbalances the difference in price. We just throw these hints for the benefit of the fruit buying public. The same rule holds good in confectionery, and in fact all goods sold by a first class caterer to the public palate, and we would just throw out a suggestion here, which we believe to be timely and in order; you may obtain from Davis all the above mentioned goods at the proper price.

SPRITFUL SOCIAL.—On Monday evening last a most enjoyable and successful social was held at the residence of Mrs. A. McNeil, under the auspices of the R. C. church. The house was well filled by representatives from all denominations, and Mrs. McNeil and the committee did the utmost to make it pleasant for everybody. The duties of chairman were performed by Mr. P. Slaven. A first class programme was given during the evening which was opened with a selection by the Napanee orchestra. They also gave another selection during the evening. It is needless to comment upon this; suffice it to say it is one of the finest organizations of its kind in this section. An instrumental solo and a violin solo were given by Miss Ruby Slaven, which demonstrated her as a musician in the front ranks. Misses McGraw and Shannon sang a vocal duet in excellent voice. They each sang a solo which showed their voices to good advantage. Mr. D. J. Hogan, jr. gave a recitation in an excellent manner. Mr. Jewell sang a solo in his usual glib style; and he was compelled to respond to an encore. Mr. W. Normile sang a comic song which showed his ability as a humorous vocalist. An excellent duet was given by Messrs. Frank Trimble and W. Normile which won complimentary remarks from those present. Miss Mary Morrison of Kingston, gave a couple of instrumental solos. This was the first time Miss Morrison has been heard in the musical line by

ROBBERY.

M.J.S. MADOLE'S STORE BROKEN INTO.

The burglars Captured in Trenton while Endeavouring to Dispose of the Goods.

On Tuesday morning last when Mr. M. S. Madole, hardware merchant, opened up his store he found that it had been broken into during the night. One of the lower panels of the back door had been removed. An effort had been made to bore off the lock, but not striking it right, it was found to have taken too long a time. An examination of the show case was made and it was found that a quantity of knives and about six pistols were gone. Mr. Madole looked into the till found that about seventy-five cents had been taken. The till is opened by a combination and it was apparent that the theft was committed by one who was well acquainted with the store. The police were notified and information sent along the lines of railways to be on the lookout. On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Madole received a telegram from a friend in Frankford that three boys were endeavoring to dispose of some knives and pistols in Trenton, and he left by the evening train for that place and found the goods which the boys were selling of a similar line as that kept by him. The three boys, named Joseph and Henry Smith and Charles Morrison were placed under arrest. Mr. Madole returned by the mid-night train, after which Chief Bell procured warrants and left on the six o'clock train for the purpose of bringing back the culprits. He arrived with the "downy jail birds" by the noon train. The two Smiths are residents of Napanee; Morrison was working on the G. T. R. rock cut at Shannonville. They were arraigned before the Police Magistrate on Wednesday afternoon for examination. Joseph and Henry Smith pled guilty, but Morrison entered an alibi. Witnesses testified that Morrison was in town that night and the three were together at eleven o'clock. They were remanded for eight days.

Liquor Licenses.

LENNOX.

The following are the successful applicants for shop and tavern licenses for 1890-91 in the district of Lennox:

Napanee—Shops: M. W. Pruyn & Son, (for three months) John Grant, Thomas Empey.

Napanee—Taverns: Hugh Milling, Geo. Grieves, Hugh Rankin, Peter Barton, Richard Lawson, P. Hunt, jr., W. H. Hunter, Thomas Wheeler.

Bath—Peter Amey, Duncan Wemp. Amherst Island—William McDonald, John McDonough.

Odessa—James Sproule, Charles Emery, John Babcock; Elizabeth Wycott's case was reserved.

Robin—Elizabeth O'Brien; John Grange refused.

Adolphustown—Frank Perneu, refused.

ADDINGTON.

Tavern Licenses granted for the district of Addington for the year 1890-91.

Newburgh Village—H. B. Hope and Thomas McAvoy.

Camden Tp.—Hester McCarty, George Deer, Charles Phillips, N. D. Switzer (conditionally), E. Hamilton, M. O'Dea, Margaret Kennedy, Daniel Kennedy, Thomas Fleming, Philip Simmons, M. A. Williams, Timothy Hunt.

Sheffield Tp.—C. S. Wheeler, C. H. Douglass, Wm. Dowling, Sampson Shields, Hanorah Phalen, Richard Mahoney, Thos. Palmatur, Redmond Mellon.

Kaladar and Anglesca—Hector Reavie, Gustavus Yansch, Francis Bousley.

Barrie—A. P. Wickware.

Kennebec—W. S. Somers.

Olden—N. Wormworth.

Oso—H. H. Roberts, Samuel Burke.

Palmerston—John Watt, R. P. Wilson.

Hinchinbrook—Henry Swarbrick, J. R. Browne, Chas. Shields, John Leslie.

DISTRICT NEWS.

The 15th Batt., Belleville, has been invited to take part in a review in Toronto in July.

A fire broke out in the tar shed of the Belleville gas works at 5.30 Friday morning and consumed 125 barrels of tar. The building was a total loss. It is believed the work was that of an incendiary. The loss will be in the neighborhood of \$100. Insured for \$100 in the Royal and \$50 in the British American.

The Bill authorizing the Rome Water-

the best, and you always have the largest assortment to choose from. Our importing order for these goods was placed at the most advantageous time, and we feel proud of our stock. Our Umbrellas commence at 50 cents each for a large, durable article. Where can you equal it?

HATS. HATS.

Our Hats for Men and Boys, which are all our own importations and the styles confined to ourselves, are selling very rapidly. These goods are manufactured by Sutton & Torkington, of London, Eng., and are the best goods on the English market to-day. We commence our Soft Felt Hats at 50 cents each, and our Hard Felt Hats at \$1 each. Buy your Hats from us.

BOYS' SUITS.

Have you ever bought our stylish little suits for your boys? If not, don't let the season pass without doing so. These goods are something to be proud of. They fit perfectly any boy from 5 years of age up. We commence them at \$1.75 per suit.

Robinson & Co.,

(Successors to Downey & Co.)

The Napanee Express

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1890.

MARRIAGE LICENSES
Issued by Ogden Hinch at Cheneville, (application strictly private and confidential.)

Canfield Shorey
Issued of Marriage Licenses,
Camden East, Ont.

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TO LET. A very desirable residence on John street, Napanee. Nine rooms, good plot of ground. Rent low. Apply to H. G. Milling at Campbell House.

A choice new stock of hoes, garden rakes, spading forks, manure forks, etc., to choose from. Building material, the best quality. Something entirely new in horse forks.
M. S. MADOLE.

LOST. In Napanee, on Wednesday or Thursday a pair of keys, door and trunk tied together by a piece of pink ribbon. Finder will confer a great favor by leaving them at this office.

The Belleville, Ontario, in speaking of Rev. C. O. Johnston's lecture in that city on Monday night last, says it is a long day since a more practical address has been de-

livered. The benefit of the fruit buying public. The same rule holds good in confectionery, and in fact all goods sold by a first class caterer to the public palat, and we would just throw out a suggestion here, which we believe to be timely and in order; you may obtain from davis all the above mentioned goods at the proper price.

SUCCESSFUL SOCIAL.—On Monday evening last a most enjoyable and successful social was held at the residence of Mrs. A. McNeil, under the auspices of the R. C. church. The house was well filled by representatives from all denominations, and Mrs. McNeil and the committee did their utmost to make it pleasant for everybody. The duties of chairman were performed by Mr. P. Slaven. A first class programme was given during the evening which was opened with a selection by the Napanee orchestra. They also gave another selection during the evening. It is needless to comment upon this; suffice it to say it is one of the finest organizations of its kind in this section. An instrumental solo and a violin solo were given by Miss Ruby Slaven, which demonstrated her as a musician in the front ranks. Misses McGraw and Slaven sang a vocal duet in excellent voice. They each sang a solo which showed their voices to good advantage. Mr. D. J. Hogan, jr. gave a recitation in an excellent manner. Mr. Jewell sang a solo in his usual able style; and he was compelled to respond to an encore. Mr. W. Normile sang a comic song which showed his ability as a humorous vocalist. An excellent duet was given by Messrs. Frank Trimble and W. Normile which won complimentary remarks from those present. Miss Mary Morrison of Kingston, gave a couple of instrumental solos. This was the first time Miss Morrison has been heard in the musical line by the people of Napanee. She is a musician of no mean worth. Her touch and expression are perfect. Miss Josie Davenport sang a couple of solos in an excellent manner. Her voice shows to excellent advantage on high notes. She is a pupil of Miss Kate Morrison, the church organist, and has been taking lessons but three months. She started with scarcely any knowledge of singing and is now possessed of a voice which for compass and sweetness some vocalists might covet. Nearly all the vocalists who took part are pupils of Miss Morrison, and to say the least they were a credit to her. Miss Morrison gave a couple of solos, one, a simple ballad and the other "Il Bacio," in Italian. In this her voice was shown to excellent advantage. Mrs. McNeil and the committee are to be congratulated upon the success of the first parlor entertainment in connection with the R. C. Church. We hoped they will be continued. The amount realized was \$25.

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Roblin—Elizabeth O'Brien; John Grange refused.
Adolphustown—Frank Perneu, refused.
ADDITION.
Tavern Licenses granted for the district of Addington for the year 1890-91.
Newburgh Village—H. B. Hope and Thomas McAvoy.
Camden Tp.—Hester McCarty, George Deer, Charles Phillips, N. D. Switzer (conditionally), E. Hamilton, M. O'Dea, Margaret Kennedy, Daniel Kennedy, Thomas Fleming, Philip Simmons, M. A. Williams, Timothy Hunt.
Shedfield Tp.—C. S. Wheeler, C. H. Douglass, Wm. Dowling, Sampson Shields, Hanorah Phelan, Richard Mahoney, Thos. Palmator, Redmond Mellon.
Kaladar and Anglesa—Hector Reavie, Gustavus Yansch, Francis Bousley.
Barrie—A. P. Wolkware.
Kennebec—W. N. Somers.
Olden—N. Wormworth.
Oso—H. H. Roberts, Samuel Burke.
Palmerston—John Watt, R. P. Wilson.
Hinchinbrook—Henry Swarback, J. R. Browne, Chas. Shields, John Leslie.

DISTRICT NEWS.

The 15th Batt., Belleville, has been invited to take part in a review in Toronto in July.
A fire broke out in the tar shed of the Belleville gas works at 5.30 Friday morning and consumed 125 barrels of tar. The building was a total loss. It is believed the work was that of an incendiary. The loss will be in the neighborhood of \$100. Insured for \$100 in the Royal and \$50 in the British American.
The Bill authorizing the Rome, Waterson & Ogdensburgh railroad to run ferries between any of their termini on Lake Ontario across the St. Lawrence to any port in Canada, subject to the approval of the local authorities, has become a law. Governor Hill having affixed his signature.
After hearing of the fatal accident to Jesse Seymour, of Gananoque, while removing shingles of the warehouse at the railway dock, E. W. Rathbun telegraphed the agent, in whose employ the unfortunate man was, to undertake the funeral expenses and to provide for the present wants of the bereaved family. There was no obligation in the matter; it was simply a case of benevolence pure and simple.
The life-saving boat at Wellington is being overhauled and put in first-class condition. On April 5th Capt. McCullough, of the life saving station, was notified that two men were in a drowning condition in West Lake. His two sons got a boat and went to the rescue but Gerratt's boat was ahead of them. F. G. McDonald was hauled into Gerratt's boat, and Branscombe, a large man, had to be towed to the beach. It was a very narrow chance for them.
Last Saturday morning a six-year-old son of Mr. John Lemmon had a remarkable escape from being killed. He was playing inside a lumber pile in Mr. McKossie's lumber yard, which had been undermined by carter, when the pile tumbled over and came down with a crash on the lad. His cries attracted the attention of his father, and Mr. John O'Donnell, who quickly moved the lumber, and to their surprise, found the boy uninjured. It happened that a few of the boards became crossed and preserved a space next the ground, in which he lay. Fully 3,000 feet fell upon him.
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You will find the largest and best stock of milk cans with the heaviest cover to be found in Canada, together with a well assorted stock of all kinds of tinware and house furnishing goods, including a well selected stock of cutlery and pocket knives. We do the stove trade of this town. Call and inspect our stock. Boyle & Son.

A GREAT GOLDEN FIDELITY. Last Friday evening, a deputation composed of Church Wardens, and a number of the ladies of the congregation of St. James church, Carleton Place, met at the Rectory, then all disordered and disarrayed, and presented Mr. Jarvis with an address and a well filled purse. The address was read by Mr. Dummett, one of the Church Wardens, who stood up in the midst of packing boxes and delivered his message like a man who was in a triumphant mood. Mr. Jarvis did not feel able to reply at the moment, but made one the next day. Mr. Jarvis leaves Carleton Place to-day, (Friday.) He has a warm place in the hearts of the people of that place.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Gents.—I was cured of a severe attack of rheumatism by using MINARD'S LINIMENT, after trying all other remedies for 2 years.

Albert Co., N. B. GEORGE TINGLEY.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Gents.—I had a valuable colt so bad with mange that I feared I would lose it. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT and I cured him like magic.

Dalhousie. CHRISTOPHER SANDERS

club has made arrangements to play Kingston club on June 11th. Could they not be induced to stop off here and let the Napanee club give them a lesson or two.

HORSES WANTED. Mr. H. W. Adams will be at the Brisco House, Napanee, on Friday April 25th, and the Windsor Hotel Kingston, on Saturday April 26th, for the purpose of buying first class horses. It is only good horses that are wanted.

TO OVERTHROW. Every member of Napanee Lodge No. 76 and Argyll Lodge No. 212 are requested to meet in the rooms of the latter on Sunday morning next, 27th inst., at 10 o'clock, for the purpose of attending the anniversary sermon to be delivered in the Western Methodist church.

AWAKENED TO THE FACT. A Kingston journal says that about twelve cases of freight come to Kingston every week over the Kingston and Napanee road. We have always held to it that Napanee is the cheapest place to purchase and we are pleased to see our neighbors becoming cognizant of this.

I. O. O. F. ANNIVERSARY. On Sunday morning next, 27th inst., the Odd Fellows of the town will celebrate their seventy-first anniversary by attending divine service in the Western Methodist church, where Rev. C. O. Johnston will preach a sermon appropriate to the occasion. His subject will be "The First Secret Society."

LECTURE. Mr. Chas. Watts, of Toronto, editor and publisher of Secular Thought, has been engaged to deliver a lecture in the new Opera House on Tuesday evening the 29th inst., on the subject, "The Bible and Christianity from a secular standpoint." Mr. Watts is an able lecturer and debater. Admission free. Ladies invited.

THANKS BROTHER. To our "brother chip" of the Reform organ at Picton, we extend thanks for the following complimentary notice: "The Napanee papers now charge ten cents a line for church and societies' notices. Evidently the newcomers of THE EXPRESS have got some nerve when they have succeeded in stiffening the back of the old Beaver."

A WARNING. Those who intend moving to Dakota should read this item, taken from an Exchange. William Miller, formerly of Kingston, Ont., has returned from Dakota, where he lived for some time. He says he has no use for Dakota. He took considerable money when he went to Dakota, and had fifteen cents when he got to Windsor.

REG. EXCH. Mr. Thompson, who for a short time past has been residing in Kingston has purchased the Benson property (old custom house) also the lot adjoining north from Mr. H. V. Fralick. He will move the custom house upon the last mentioned property and upon the corner will erect a handsome brick residence in which he will reside. He has sold his property in Kingston.

THE SHEFFIELD ELECTION. Reg. ex. rel. Bell vs. Kearns—W. M. Douglas, for the relatives, moved for the costs of proceedings to unseat the respondent as councillor of the township of Sheffield, he having disclaimed. Aylesworth, for the respondent, contra. Order made that respondent pay the costs of the proceedings up to and exclusive of the first return of this motion, with a fee upon this argument.

G. T. R. DOUBLE TRACK. Work on the G. T. R. double track, between Belleville and Gananoque is assuming extensive proportions. The company are now engaged on the rock cutting at several places along the line. About 100 men are now engaged and this will be augmented as the work goes on. A heavy force is to be put on next week to remove the earth cut between Belleville and Miltown. The work from Gananoque west is being rushed.

A FINE STOCK. On Thursday last, we paid a visit to the store of P. Slaven & Co. and found a most complete stock. Our attention was particularly directed to the display of carpets. Last year several people went to Belleville and Kingston for their supply, but this year Mr. Slaven has made this unnecessary by procuring the finest stock ever placed in Napanee and which is possible to obtain. It comprises the finest Tapestry and Brussels of Kidderminster, England, makes, sent direct upon the order of Mr. Slaven. He showed us the invoice direct from the firm. He has Hemp carpets from 7c per yd. In Tapestry he has a fine stock for churches and halls. His stock of oilcloths is also complete and of very pretty patterns. Read his advertisement and give him a call, and you cannot help but be suited.

Minard's Liniment sold everywhere.

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A Meeting at Arden.

There was a political meeting held at Arden on April 14th. Messrs. Reid, Scott, Fraser, and Miller appear to have had an interesting debate. The trouble was over the nomination of Mr. Reid. Although the three first named were against him, the present member held his own, and when he announced himself as the independent candidate for Addington, and took for his motto, measures not men, he brought down the house. In reply to Mr. Fraser, the chairman of the meeting, who said he had never promised to support Mr. Miller, the following resolution, passed in May, 1889, was read—Moved by J. R. Fraser, seconded by D. L. Rose, That this association desires to express their confidence in J. W. Bell, M.P., and J. S. Miller, M.P., and heartily endorse the course they have pursued during the time they have represented us in parliament, and hereby pledge them our support should they become candidates at next election.

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PERSONAL.

—Rev. B. B. Howard gave us a call on Wednesday.
—Mr. Jas. Sproule, of Odessa, favored us with a call on Friday last.
—Mrs. Gifford Roney, of Colborne, has moved to Newburgh to reside.
—F. N. Bezo arrived home Sunday morning from a week's trip to Georgian Bay.
—Mrs. H. B. Wray left on Monday last for a visit with her parents at Pelee Island.
—Mrs. R. A. Leppard and her mother, Mrs. Decker, are visiting friends in Lindsay.
—Mr. P. McGuinness has gone to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he will take up his residence.
—Miss Nellie O'Connor, of Deseronto, was in town this week, the guest of Mrs. A. McNeil.
—Miss Rathbun, Deseronto, is going to Quebec to spend a few weeks, visiting her friends.
—Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Rathbun and Miss Jessie Rathbun, have returned from their southern tour.
—Mrs. H. Williams returned to Toronto on Friday last after visiting with her mother, Mrs. J. Allen.
—Miss Lizzie Conroy has been in New York this week, having been called to the deathbed of her brother.
—Mrs. Benson, mother of Rev. Manly Benson, Toronto, died a few days ago. She formerly resided at Newburgh.

—Mr. Geo. Trimble, of G. G. Green's Repository, Philadelphia, left on Tuesday last on a trip west after a three week's visit with his father, Mr. Thos. Trimble.
—Mr. Richard J. Wright, of Morven, favored us with a call on Friday last. He has purchased from Mr. James H. Houghton, a band some team of legacy mares. The price paid was well up in the hundreds.

—Word has been received that one day last week Mr. F. H. Hubbard, of Huntington, West Virginia, had his leg broken while getting on a train. We are pleased to learn that his injuries are not of a serious nature, and his many friends will be glad to know that he is progressing favorably. He is being cared for by the Oddfellows of that place.

—At a convention of Canada's New Party held in the town of Dresden recently, Mr. Emerson E. Parrott (formerly of Essex) was unanimously chosen as the candidate for the county of Bothwell for the House of Commons. Mr. Parrott is one of the ablest and most popular men in the county and is likely to make warm work for the old parties. We are pleased to hear such good reports from a former resident of this county.

Use GRANGE'S COUGH-NOT

FIRST-CLASS HORSES.

Some of Those Who Will Travel Through This Section This Season.

Mr. Thos. Beck, of Newburgh, has a fine halfbred Percheron, Young Romulus, sired by A. N. Caton, of Richmond. He is a dark grey, stands 16½ hands high, weighs 1700 lbs., is six years old in May and has good action and bone. He was sired by the Percheron stallion Romulus, weighing 1700 lbs., which was imported from France and owned by Messrs. Brickman and Baker, of Prince Edward. His dam was a large Grey Hawk, of good size, bone and action, weighing 1,400 lbs. Single leap \$5; season \$7, payable at end of season; to insure \$8, payable in February, 1891.

The fine Percheron horse Prince Imperial, owned by J. Lookwood, of Enterprise, is a dark dapple grey, four years old in June, stands 15½ hands high and weighs nearly 1400. He was sired by a thoroughbred Percheron imported from France. Prince Imperial's dam stands 15½ hands high, weighs 1250 lbs., sired by a cross between an English draught horse and a full blooded French mare weighing over 1700 lbs. Her dam was a large brown Glenelg. Prince Imperial has proved himself remarkably sure. To insure, \$7 for single mare; \$12 for two mares. Any person parting with their mare before foaling time will be held for insurance. All accidents at risk of owner.

Mr. Stephen Lucas, of Fredericksburgh, has in Sir Noble a first-class general purpose horse, nine years old, dapple grey, 16 hands high, heavy mane and tail, weighs 1400 lbs., excellent limbs and muscles well laid on and has superior action. He was sired by a Clydesdale known as the Bogart horse and his dam was a Wilder mare. This is a good cross for getting general purpose stock. Single leap \$4, to be paid at time of service; season \$6, to be paid on last two rounds; to insure \$8, payable in February 1st, 1891. Any person parting with his mare before foaling time will be held responsible for insurance fee, whether mare proves with foal or not. Mares not regularly returned to horse will be charged at season rates. Parties using the horse must expect to return mares to regular stands. All accidents at risk of owners.

The French and Glenelg stallion Black Lambert, owned by Henry McKeown, is a beautiful jet black, without marks of any kind, will be six years old in June, stands 16½ hands high, weighs 1400 lbs. and is well proportioned. He was bred by James Foster in the Province of Quebec, and was sired by a full-blooded French horse called Clipper, he by Chefferson, by Dafold, who was noted for speed having trotted a mile in 2:40, weighed 1350 lbs. His dam was half French and half Glenelg and weighed 1265 lbs. She has taken first prizes nearly every year since 1882, when she commenced her career in the ring as a brood mare. To insure \$8, payable February 1st, 1891. For the season \$7, payable at the end of the season. Single leap \$5, payable at time of service. To insure two or more mares the property of one person \$7 each, providing only one is with foal \$8 will be charged.

CAPTURED.—On the first day of February last a robbery took place at the Brisco House when a large quantity of stuff was taken, including beef, chickens, sugar, butter, pork, etc. Thos. Jaynes and Riley Lloyd were the parties suspected and warrants were issued. A search was made of Jaynes' house when some of the missing articles were found, but Jaynes had skipped. The constables then proceeded to Lloyd's but before the house was reached he was seen running across the fields. He was followed until the Hemp Fly swamp was reached when all traces were lost. Nothing more was heard of either party until Monday last when Chief Gonyou, of Deseronto, notified Chief Bell that he had arrested Lloyd in Deseronto. He was brought down and placed in the jail at Napanee, and on Wednesday last an examination was held before Police Magistrate Daly. On Thursday he was committed for trial.

MARRIED.

GODFREY—VENTON.—At the Bay Parsonage South Napanee, April 2nd, by the Rev. F. E. Howard, Mr. Richard Godfrey and Miss Emma Venton, both of Adolphustown.

LADIES,

See ANDERSON'S Kid Buttoned Boots from \$1.50 to \$4.00. The \$1.50 line is

Gentle Spring.

IN the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the hard-worked father gets from us a coat and vest;
In the spring the thrifty housewife sheets and table linens buys,
And to Lahey & McKenty's with her pocketbook she flies.

In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love—
And he buys a spring suit from us his appearance to improve;
In the spring the maiden cometh for our dress goods rich and rare,
And she buys a lovely sunshade and of gloves a daisy pair.

In the spring the very children come to see us every day;
They can buy as well as elders, at The People's Store, they say;
In the spring, in fact, the people bargains want in everything,
And they keep us very busy, and we please them every spring.

"THE POPULAR DRY GOODS HOUSE."

LAHEY & McKENTY,

Rennie Block.

Miss BARRETT, Modiste.

1890

SPRING.

1890

When an intelligent farmer wants to purchase an implement of any kind the first question that naturally arises in his mind is, "Where can I get the best?" as a poor implement is dear at any price.

"The Napanee Agricultural Works"

Have solved the question for the farmers of these counties by manufacturing only the best.

In Cultivators Our 2-Horse Iron Cultivator is admittedly the best for cultivating the hard ground of this section, as the thousands we have sold testify. With this we also offer the 2-Horse Wooden Frame Cultivator which has also acquired great popularity.

In Harrows We offer the **Eagle Sulky Harrow**, with which "we sweep the course." This implement does excellent work, and is giving complete satisfaction wherever it is in use. It is the **BEST Harrow** in the market to-day. No farmer can afford to be without it, and hundreds of the leading farmers in Canada and elsewhere are now using it, and in every case they are thoroughly satisfied with the work it does. Our **SPRING TOOTH HARROW** is far in advance of anything attained before, and easily adjusted so as to adapt itself to all kinds of soil by simply raising or lowering the teeth.

every year since 1882, when she commenced her career in the ring as a brood mare. To insure \$8, payable February 1st, 1891. For the season \$7, payable at the end of the season. Single leap \$5, payable at time of service. To insure two or more mares the property of one person \$7 each, providing only one is with foal \$8 will be charged.

CAPTURED.—On the first day of February last a robbery took place at the Briscoe House when a large quantity of stuff was taken, including beef, chickens, sugar, butter, pork, etc. Thos. Jaynes and Riley Lloyd were the parties suspected and warrants were issued. A search was made of Jaynes' house when some of the missing articles were found, but Jaynes had skipped. The constables then proceeded to Lloyd's but before the house was reached he was seen running across the fields. He was followed until the Hemp Fly swamp was reached when all traces were lost. Nothing more was heard of either party until Monday last when Chief Gonyou, of Deseronto, notified Chief Bell that he had arrested Lloyd in Deseronto. He was brought down and placed in the jail at Napanee, and on Wednesday last an examination was held before Police Magistrate Daly. On Thursday he was committed for trial.

MARRIED.

GIBBIEY-VENTON.—At the Bay Parsonage, South Napanee, April 2nd, by the Rev. J. E. Howard, Mr. Richard Gibbiefrey, and Miss Emma Venton, both of Adolphstown.

LADIES,

See ANDERSON'S Kid Buttoned Boots from \$1.50 to \$4.00. The \$1.50 line is fine Dongola Kid, silk-faced tops, and solid throughout. Every purchaser is pleased with them. The stock also includes fine tip'd and hand turn goods, as well as Shoes in black and colors, Toe Slippers, &c. &c. at especially LOW PRICES.

GENTS,

See ANDERSON'S Hand made Calf Lace Boots at \$2.50. Low Shoes (fine) at \$1.50 and high-cut whole-stock working Boots (patch bottoms) and made on the Bench by first-class practical workmen at \$1.75 per pair—usual price \$3.00.

Misses,

See ANDERSON'S lines in buttoned and lace boots. A nice line of oil goat bals, worth \$2.25, for \$1.25 per pair. Fine polished buff, pebble, cordovan, polish calf and fine kids at lowest price. Low Shos, Slippers &c.

Boys,

See ANDERSON'S Seamless boot—absolutely seamless, good enough for Sunday or week-day, at right prices.

Childrens

Goods in great variety at ANDERSON'S at prices ranging from 35cts up to \$1.25 for the finest french kids.

ANDERSON is noted for low prices.



M. STORMS,

1890 SPRING. 1890

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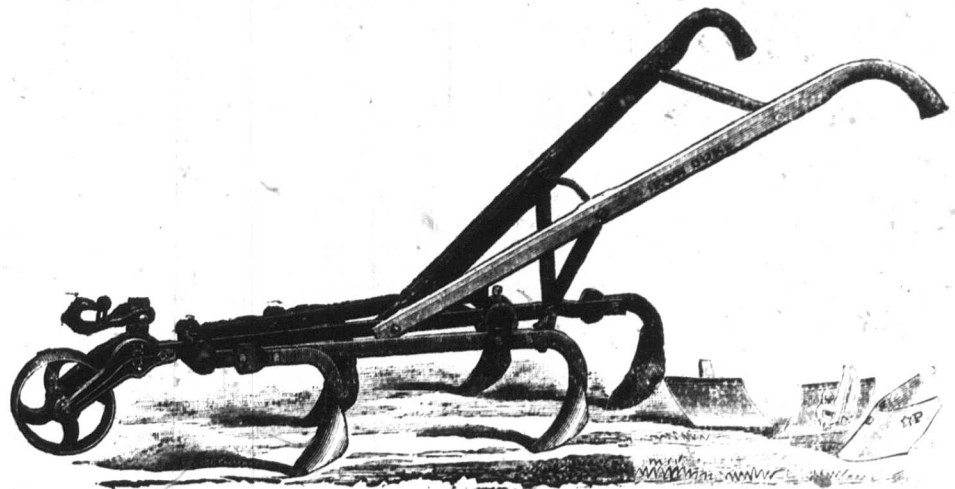
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In Seed Drills We have received the agency for one of the very best Seed Drills manufactured in Canada. Farmers in want of such an article should not fail to give us a call and examine our Drill at our warehouses in Napanee. We can supply them with the best Drill at lowest prices.



In Corn Cultivators We have a splendid variety, of which we shall speak hereafter. Bear us in mind when in need of any of the above, and remember it is the best policy to BUY AT HOME.

JOHN HERRING.

THE BIG MILL

NAPANEE.

R. J. DAFOE

has on hand at all times and at the lowest prices,

Flour and Feed, Cornmeal and Oatmeal,

QUALITY GUARANTEED.

—TRY THE—

A Danger Signal.

A Cold in the Head may be aptly termed a danger signal warning you that if neglected that dangerous and disserviceable disease, Catarrh, is sure to follow, perhaps leading to Consumption and the grave. At no season of the year is Cold in the Head more prevalent than during the Spring months, and at no other season do the people of this country suffer more generally from Catarrh, with all its disagreeable and annoying effects. Do not for an instant neglect either of these troubles, but apply **NASAL BALM**, the only remedy that will give instant relief and effect a permanent cure. The following testimonials from among thousands in our possession bear witness to its sterling merit:

Alexander Burns, Sudbury, Ont., says: I may state that I have been affected with Catarrh seven or eight years, and it was attended by consequent symptoms, such as foul breath, constant dropping into the throat, hawking and spitting, partial deafness, ringing in the ears, and sickening pains in the head directly over the use of such was temporary relief, followed by the usual symptoms in a more aggravated form. The results arising from the use of Nasal Balm: Sweet breath, stoppage of the droppings into the throat, consequently less hawking

T. D. D. Loyd, 8 Clarence street, Toronto, says: I wish here to testify to the unequalled healing powers of your Nasal Balm. I have been troubled for three years by what the doctors call post nasal catarrh, and have tried everything in the city that could be obtained, in the shape of catarrh cures, and found no permanent relief from any of them, till a friend one day advised me to try your Nasal Balm, and I find that even one bottle has done me more good than all the medicines put together that I have persecuted myself with before. I was very much troubled with spitting and hawking, especially in the morning, so much so

WHAT IS GOING ON
FOR MANY
MILES
AND
MILES
OF
THE
COUNTRY
TO
THE
EYE
ANY
MORE
scope. The following cut gives the appearance of a reduced to
about the fifteenth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double street
scope, as large as is easy to carry. We will show you how you
can make from \$75 to \$150 a day at home, from the start. We
out expect you to write us for more details and express charges.

W. H. HALLITT & CO., Box 188, PORTLAND, MAINE.